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TO
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THIS LITTLE VOLUME
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SUNSHINE FOR SHUT-INS

COMPILED

BY A "SHUT-IN"



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PREFACE.

WE are in a world of our own, we who are "shut-in" from the active duties of life, and to whom is allotted the harder task to serve with folded hands. The enigmas of trial often seem so dark and mysterious that faith is sorely tried, and we are tempted to question our Father's infinite love and wisdom. If these extracts, gathered from many sources, may carry to other hearts the sunshine of assurance in God's love and tenderness, even in the darkest hours, that they have brought into one shut-in life, no one will rejoice more in this knowledge than

THE COMPILER.

DR. STRONG'S SANITARIUM,
SARATOGA, N.Y.

SUNSHINE FOR SHUT-INS.

January 1.

As mountain travellers, at some resting-
place
Are fain to pause, their distant path to
trace,
Bathed in the purple haze, their eyes yet
scan
The clustering homestead where that path
began.
The joyous stream that slaked their eager
thirst,
The turning-point whereon their vision
burst,
A world of glory, never dreamed before —
E'en so the New Year bids us pause once
more,

Sweet memory's softening influence to feel,
While at the wayside cross she bids us
kneel :

Then with brave hearts serener heights
ascend,

Where sunlight and deep peace forever
blend. — ANON.



January 2.

Stars may be seen from the bottom of a deep well, when they cannot be discovered from the top of a mountain. So are many things learned in adversity which the prosperous man dreams not of. — SPURGEON.



January 3.

It is not so much what comes to you, as what you come to, that determines whether you are a winner in the great race of life. Never forget that the only indestructible material in destiny's fierce crucible is char-

acter. Say this — not to another, say it to yourself; utter it early and repeat it often. Fail me not thou. — FRANCES WILLARD.



January 4.

O New Year, teach us faith !
The road of life is hard.
When our feet bleed, and scourging winds
us scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more
marred
Than any man's; who saith,
"Make straight paths for our feet," and
to the opprest,
"Come ye to me, and I will give you rest."
Yet hang some lamp-like hope
Above this unknown way,
Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope,
And our hands strength to work while it is
day. — DINAH MULLOCK CRAIK.

January 5.

O God, Thy will be done !
We know not what the morrow may reveal,
What dole soe'er of misery or weal,
Yet may our spirits with Thine own
be one ;
And set upon our brows Thy royal seal,
The name of Christ, Thy Son.

—C. J. G.

**January 6.**

There is no bud of hope, no blossom of
joy, no tendril of effort, no leaf of life,
that is not fed with the sun of God's love,
and nurtured with the dew of His mercy.

—VON BUKLER.

**January 7.**

There is no step of saintliest excellence,
and there is no thrill of purest peace, that
is impossible to you, if only you have

placed yourself in earnest under the discipline of Christ. — ROBERTSON.



January 8.

He is thy Lord!
It is such rest to know
That He hath ordered and appointed all,
And wilt yet order and appoint my lot.
For though so much I cannot understand
And would not choose, has been, and yet
 may be,
Thou choosest, and Thou rulest, Thou,
 my Lord;
And there is peace, such peace, I hardly
 pause
To look beyond to all the coming joy
And glory of thy full and visible reign.
Thou reignest now—He is Thy Lord
 to-day. — F. R. HAVERGAL.



January 9.

The Father-God in Christ is revealed
as waiting and willing to bless us with all

spiritual blessings. He gives us, so to speak, a blank cheque, saying, "Fill it up as you please; fill it up not for a few things, but for all things — pardon, peace, grace, holiness, strength for daily duty, light for perplexing paths, comfort in sorrow, support and victory in death.

— MACDUFF.



January 10.

A cross — that is anything that disturbs our peace — is the spur which stimulates, and without which we should most likely remain stationary, blinded with empty vanities. A cross helps us onward in spite of our resistance. — GOLD DUST.



January 11.

Why fret thee, Soul,
For things beyond thy small control?
But do thy part, and thou shalt see
Heaven shall have charge of them and thee.

Sow thou the seed and wait in peace
The Lord's increase. — ANON.



January 12.

A mind kept through grace is at peace;
faith is upholding even in severest trials;
faith is given to rest in the Saviour's care,
even as a child in the arms of a mother.
The sacrifice of a broken heart God will
not despise. Bring your sorrow, whatever
it be, and lay it on the golden altar which
purifies and sanctifies every gift, even the
all-prevailing name of Jesus. — ANON.



January 13.

Enjoy the blessings of this day if God
sends them, and the evils of it bear
patiently and sweetly, for this day is only
ours; we are dead to yesterday and we are
not yet born to the morrow. But if we
look abroad, and bring into one day's

thoughts the evil of many, certain and uncertain, what will be, and what will never be, our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable. — JEREMY TAYLOR.



January 14.

Christ Himself, my shepherd, feeds me,
Peace and joy my spirit fill,
In a pasture green He leads me
Forth, beside the waters still. — ANON.



January 15.

Nothing is intolerable that is necessary.
Now God hath bound thy trouble upon
thee, with a design to try thee, and
with purposes to reward and crown thee.
These cords thou canst not break, and
therefore lie thou down gently, and suffer
the hand of God to do what He please.
— JEREMY TAYLOR.

January 16.

What do our heavy hearts prove but that other things are sweeter to us than His will, that we have not attained to the full mastery of our true freedom, the full perception of its power, that our sonship is but faintly realized, and its blessedness not yet proved and known? Our content would turn all our trials into obedience. By consenting we make them again our own, and offer them with ourselves again to Him. — H. E. MANNING.



January 17.

Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen,
planned —
Each drop that fills my daily cup; Thy
hand
Prescribes for ills none else can under-
stand.
All, all is known to Thee. — A. L. NEWTON.

January 18.

The olive leaf is bitter but it is a sign of peace. However much the deluge may welter around us, that holy, heavenly dove of peace is ready to descend into our hearts and rest therein; and if the plucked leaf which she bears to us from God in heaven seems bitter to us, yet none the less it is a leaf of the tree of life, a green leaf from that tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

— F. W. FARRAR.



January 19.

If there are hindrances in the way to-day, if I stumble and fall, if the heart grows weary and the feet move with faint and longing tread, possessed by the invincible determination that I am here to do the will of God, that He is guiding me through life's sweet and through its bitter, I can lean upon that strong arm, I can

drink from the fountain of peace that
flows from the heart divine.

— F. E. MARSTEN.



January 20.

To His own thy Saviour giveth daily
strength,
To each troubled soul that liveth peace
at length,
Weakest lambs have largest share of the
shepherd's care;
Ask Him not, then, when? or how?
only bow. — CARTER.



January 21.

We do all have peaceful periods of our
lives; quiet intervals at least between
storm and storm; interspaces of sunlight
between the breadths of gloom.

— CANON FARRAR.

God puts into our hands the book of

life, bright on every page with open secrets, and we suffer it to drop out of our hands unread. — CANON FARRAR.



January 22.

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing. — ANON.



January 23.

To those who wait upon the Lord there is always given strength adequate to the trials of the day, and there ought to be no anxiety as to the trials of the morrow. The peace which a true Christian might possess, if he would take God at His word, and trust Him to make good His

promises, is beyond words. Day by day his duties might be more arduous, his temptations stronger, his trials more severe. But he would ascertain that the imparted strength grew at the same rate, so that he was always equal to the duties, victorious over the temptations, and sustained under the trials. — ANON.



January 24.

Christ's cross is the sweetest burden that I ever bore. It is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or sails to a ship, that carry me forward to my harbor.

— SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.



January 25.

The peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee.

Such, Father, give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee. — ANON.



January 26.

Receive every inward and outward trouble, every disappointment, pain, uneasiness, temptation, darkness, and desolation with both thy hands, as a true opportunity and blessed occasion of dying to self, and entering into a fuller fellowship with thy self-denying, suffering Saviour. Look at no inward or outward trouble in any other view; reject every other thought about it; and then every kind of trial or distress will become the blessed day of thy prosperity. That state is best which exerciseth the highest faith in, and fullest resignation to, God.

— WILLIAM LAW.

January 27.

It is a blessed thought that from our childhood God has been laying his fatherly hands upon us, and always in benediction; that even the strokes of His hand are blessings, and among the chiefest we have ever received. When this feeling is awakened the heart beats with a pulse of thankfulness. And all our life is thereby drawn under the light of His countenance, and is filled with a gladness, serenity, and peace which only thankful hearts can know. — H. E. MANNING.

*January 28.*

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy, that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done.

— J. G. WHITTIER.

January 29.

None but those who of free will take up the cross laid on them experience the peace which passeth understanding. It is a peace above all sense, and all else that we could picture and desire; indeed, better far beyond all comparison than these. Seek, therefore, this peace of His, and thou shalt find. But thus shalt thou seek it best. Not by seeking and choosing a peace according to thine own opinion and understanding, but by taking of thy troubles with joy, as sacred relics.

— LUTHER.



January 30.

Even when laid aside from active work the soul ever must work that hath life in the Lord Jesus; but he worketh in us often more perfectly in the stillness than in the activity of our outer being. That activity sometimes hinders his working

just because we cannot, in its noise, hear his voice, saying — Peace, be still.

— H. P. MONSELL.



January 31.

Lord, chisel, chasten, polish us,
Each blemish wash away,
Cleanse us with purifying blood,
In spotless robes array.

And thus Thine image on us stamped,
Transport us to the shore,
Where not a stroke is ever felt,
For none is needed more. — ANON.



February 1.

Disappointment — His appointment,
Change one letter, then I see,
That the thwarting of His purpose
Is God's better plan for me.
His appointment must be blessing,

Though it may come in disguise,
For the end from the beginning,
Open to His wisdom lies.

Disappointment — His appointment,
“No good thing will He withhold,”
From denials oft we gather
Treasures of His love untold.
Well He knows each broken purpose
Leads to fuller, deeper trust,
And the end of all His dealings
Proves our God is wise and just. — ANON.



February 2.

O God, who art our guide, even unto death, grant us, I pray Thee, grace to follow Thee, whithersoever Thou goest. In little daily duties to which Thou callest us, bow down our wills to simple obedience, patience under pain or provocation, strict truthfulness of word and manner, humility, kindness; in great acts of duty or perfection, if Thou shouldest call us to

them, uplift us to self-sacrifice, heroic courage, laying down of life for Thy truth's sake, or for a brother. Amen.

— C. G. ROSSETTI.



February 3.

The Shepherd knows what pastures are best for His sheep, and they must not question nor doubt, but trustingly follow Him. Perhaps He sees that the best pastures for some of us are to be found in the midst of opposition or earthly trials. If He leads you there, you may be sure that they are green for you, and you will grow and be made strong by feeding there. Perhaps He sees that the best waters for you to walk beside will be the raging waves of trouble and sorrow. If this should be the case, He will make them still waters for you, and you must go and lie down beside them, and let them have all their blessed influence upon you.

— H. W. S.

February 4.

God has brought us into this time; He and not ourselves, or some dark demon. If we are not fit to cope with that which He has prepared for us, we should have been utterly unfit for any condition that we imagine for ourselves. If easy times are departed, it is that the difficult times may make us more in earnest, that they may teach us not to depend upon ourselves. If easy belief is impossible, it is that we may learn what belief is, and in whom it is to be placed. — F. D. MAURICE.



February 5.

In "pastures green"?
Not always, sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where shadows be.

So whether on the hilltops high and fair,

I dwell; or in the sunless valleys, where
The shadows lie; what matter, He is there.

— H. B. BARRY.



February 6.

Out of obedience and devotion arises an habitual faith which makes Him, though unseen, a part of all our life. He will guide us in a sure path, though it may be a rough one; though shadows hang upon it, yet He will be with us. He will bring us home at last. Through much trial it may be and weariness, in much fear and faintness of heart, in much sadness and loneliness, in griefs that the world never knows, and under burdens that the nearest never suspect. Yet He will suffice for all. By His eye, or by His voice, He will guide us if we be docile and gentle; by His staff and His rod, if we wander or are wilful; anyhow and by all means He will bring us to His rest. — H. E. MANNING.

February 7.

We have need of patience with ourselves and with others; for the greatest things and the least; against sudden inroads of trouble, and under our daily burdens; in the weariness of the body, or the wearing of the soul; in everyday wants; in the aching of sickness or the decay of age; in disappointments, bereavements, losses, injuries, reproaches; in heaviness of the heart, or its sickness amidst delayed hopes. In all these things, from childhood's little troubles to the martyr's sufferings, patience is the grace of God, whereby we endure evil for the love of God. — E. B. PUSEY.



February 8.

For patience when the rough winds blow,
For patience when our hopes are fading,
When visible things all backward go,
And nowhere seems the power of aiding.

God still enfolds thee with His viewless
hand,

And leads thee surely to the Fatherland.

— N. L. FROTHINGHAM.



February 9.

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear. Never load yourselves so, my friends. If you find yourselves so loaded, at least remember this: that it is your own doing, not God's; He begs you to leave the future to Him and mind the present. — GEORGE MACDONALD.



February 10.

Let the weakest, let the humblest, remember that in his daily course he can, if he will, shed around him almost

a heaven. Kindly words, sympathizing attentions, watchfulness against wounding men's sensitiveness — these cost very little, but they are priceless in their value. Are they not almost the staple of our daily happiness? From hour to hour, from moment to moment, we are supported, blest by small kindnesses.

— F. W. ROBERTSON.



February 11.

Turn it as thou wilt, thou must give thyself to suffer what is appointed thee. But if we did that, God would bear us up at all times in all our sorrows and troubles, and God would lay His shoulder under our burdens and help us to bear them. For if, with a cheerful courage, we submitted ourselves to God, no suffering would be unbearable. — J. TAULER.

February 12.

Peace? Can we find it in this world of
trial?

Where battles fierce, and every form of ill
And pain and sorrow, and hard self-denial
Our checkered lives from birth to death
must fill?

Peace, peace? How restful, sweet, the
word, and tender,

Its very sound should jangling discords
still,

And we may find it if we learn to render
Our stubborn hearts obedient to His will.

—NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.



February 13.

The grace that transforms us at the
beginning will not cease until at the end
it leads us to perfection. Though the
process be tedious, though the cost be
great, though the pain be severe, the

Heavenly Lapidary, the Lord, Himself,
will not leave us,—no, not for all our
flinching, until we shine in His own
image, and mirror forth His perfect light.

—W. Y. FULLERTON.



February 14.

There are comforters that have been
born into service, and disciplined, not
so much through personal experience of
trial, as through a perfect communion
with the great Peace-giver, in whom the
springs of comfort rise. Love and sacri-
fice hold the meaning of all that is great
and true and beautiful for one's own soul,
and must hold the secret of all powers of
helpfulness to the world. — ANON.



February 15.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds
tight,

With glad days, and sad days, and bad
days, which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and
their blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful
night.

Let them go, since we cannot relive them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone,
God in His mercy receive and forgive
them,
Only the new days are our own;
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.



February 16.

When the Master said, "My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you," its meaning went down to the root of experience, it lay at the very centre and surrender of self to bestow and to give peace to the world. To taste of sorrow personally, and to own a deep

desire to help others, these experiences seem to stand as necessities for that perfect power of sympathy that is akin to the Master's. As soon as we have been taught love and sacrifice, as the man of healing taught them, we have learned how to comfort, and may safely follow the leadings that call us forth to offer comfort to troubled souls. — ANON.



February 17.

It is our Lord's command, "Bear ye one another's burdens." Father of mercies, give us hearts abounding with loving-kindness toward all men. May we be kindly affectionated unto all, forgiving others, as we ourselves desire to be forgiven. O Lord, let us hear in all storms of heart tempest Thy voice saying, Peace, be still. Amen. — ANON.

February 18.

Let us gaze no more
On loss and failure that have gone before,
The future still hath space for truer life,
For generous deeds and nobler strife;
The soul that cannot mount with wings
May climb to higher things.
And Thou, Almighty One, in whom we
trust,
Who still rememberest that we are but
dust,
Whose mercies all our sins outlast;
Lift from our hearts the heavy past.

— ANON.



February 19.

Often precious stones are put into the fire. The Oriental cornelian and Brazilian topaz change color in the burning, and the black spots of the amethyst and hyacinth can only be removed by heat. Thus God's jewels are purified; all that

can stand the fire must pass through it, and in the fierce heat of trial many a commonplace Christian begins to glow with new hues of grace, at which men greatly wonder. — W. Y. FULLERTON.



February 20.

One of the simplest tests for a diamond is to breathe upon it. If it be true, the breath will instantly disappear; if false, the dimness will linger long. Test yourself in this manner in reference to temptation. A Christian walking in the Spirit instantly flings off evil. If you retain it, one of two things is true; either you are not a Christian, or else you are walking in the flesh.



February 21.

Life hath its desert shadow,
Its interspace of tears,
And yet a sunburst often breaks,

And scatters swift our fears,
For as a father pitieth
The children of his love,
So God, our Father, watches us,
With pity from above.

— MARGARET SANGSTER.



February 22.

We ask Thee for Thy peace!
Unto the morrow shall suffice its pain,
And every loss may prove a surer gain,
And every bondage lead to glad release.
Let not Thy discipline be sent in vain
Yet give us, Lord, Thy peace.

— C. J. G.



February 23.

We must not think we need only to be
supported under affliction. Those who
are pressing forward to a better country
will not rest until they are sanctified by

sorrow, unless each successive pain that passes over them scrapes from their souls some of the dross of earth, and leaves some gift of heaven in its room, so that the changes and chances of this mortal life shall be ever lifting them farther . . from the earth, and nearer, ever nearer, to the land of everlasting peace.

—MADAME SWETCHINE.



February 24.

Like a cradle, rocking, rocking,
 Silent, peaceful, to and fro,
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
 On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
 Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow,
Falls the light of God's face bending
 Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
 Toss and cry and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother

Holds the closest, loves the best.
So when we are weak and weary,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

— H. H.



February 25.

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls; the most massive characters are seamed with scars; martyrs have put on their coronation robes glittering with fire, and through their tears have first seen the gate of heaven.

— E. H. CHAPIN.



February 26.

Whatever burden or care we take to Jesus, if we would get the peace promised, we must leave it with Him, as entirely as a child leaves his school troubles with his mother. We must come away and

treat it as a finality. We must say Christ has taken this, Christ will see about it, and then we must stop worrying and thinking about it. — H. B. STOWE.



February 27.

Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still. Take the training or
the task

As He will.

Just to take the loss or gain
As He sends it;

Just to take the joy or pain
As He lends it.

He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss thy gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

— F. R. HAVERGAL.

February 28.

Not always under calm and sunny skies
The Lord doth meet us, though we seek
Him there,
Eager to hear Him talk of lilies fair,
And utter parables that make men wise.
But sometimes on the wings of storm He
comes
In the deep midnight of our black despair,
Mid raging waves, and winds that never
cease,
When the helm fails us, and the cold
benumbs
Our helpless hands; then as we lift our
prayers
He speaks, and lo! our hearts are filled
with peace. — ANON.



March 1.

One by one the bright lamps, the cheering lights of our path, are extinguished.

May the deeper shadow quicken our homeward path. May we seek for Christ now to dwell in our hearts, so that we may not fear Him when He comes to receive us to Himself. May the Lord pour strength and peace upon us. May He grant peace and joy in believing. Let this be our prayer. — ANON.



March 2.

That prayer that does not succeed in moderating our wish, in changing the passionate desire into still submission, the anxious, tumultuous expectation into silent surrender, is no true prayer, and proves that we have not the spirit of true prayer. That life is most holy in which there is least of petition and desire, and most of waiting upon God; that in which petition most often passes into thanksgiving. Pray till prayer makes you forget your own wish and leave it or merge

it in God's will. The divine wisdom has given us prayer, not as a means whereby to escape evil, but as a means whereby we become strong to meet it.

—F. W. ROBERTSON.



March 3.

In that gracious after season
I shall know,
When the clouds that now enfold me
Outward flow,
Why it was the way was thorny,
Rough, and steep,
Leading often through the darkness
And the deep.

—WILLIS MARSHALL.



March 4.

Would you know the blessing of all blessings? It is this God of love dwelling in your soul, and stilling every root of bitterness, which is the pain and tor-

ment of every earthly love. For all wants are satisfied, all disorders of nature are removed, no life is any longer a burden, every day is a day of peace, everything you meet becomes a help to you, because everything you see or do is all done in the sweet, gentle element of love.

— WILLIAM LAW.



March 5.

Not without pain of heart in some, and wild commotion of soul in others, is the change from nature to grace effected. The pearl is not without the prior friction, nor the precious stone without throes and agonies, of which we can have no conception, when, fused in the lambent flame, it knits together into its crystal beauty. So neither could there be salvation without suffering, nor can there be any holiness without conflict. Then comes the separation of peace.

— W. Y. FULLERTON.

March 6.

The Lord will gather up His jewels, won
From earth, and yet not earthy; sharpest
griefs

And trials here, will but have given to each
A polished brightness; that celestial light,
Reflecting from a thousand points, the
gems

May sparkle with a radiance worthy of
heaven. — ANON.

*March 7.*

Oh, that thou couldst dwell in the
knowledge and sense of this! even that
the Lord beholds thy sufferings with an
eye of pity, and is able not only to with-
hold thee under them, but also to do thee
good by them. Therefore grieve not at
thy lot, be not discontented, look not out
at the hardness of thy condition, but
when the storm and matters of vexation

are sharp, look up to Him who can give meekness and patience, can lift up thy head over all, and cause thy life to grow and be a gainer thereby. If the Lord God help thee proportionably to thy means, condition of affliction, and distress, thou wilt have no cause to complain, but to bless His name. — I. PENNINGTON.



March 8.

Lord, I know now that I ought to ask of Thee; Thou only knowest what we need; Thou lovest me better than I know how to love myself; O Father, give that to Thy child which he himself knows not how to ask; I dare not ask either for crosses or consolations; I simply present myself before Thee; I open my heart to Thee; behold my needs which I know not myself. See and do according to Thy tender mercy. Smite or heal; depress me or raise me up. I adore all

Thy purposes without knowing them; I am silent; I offer myself in sacrifice; I yield myself to Thee; I would have no other desire than to accomplish Thy will. Teach me to pray; pray Thyself in me.

— FÉNELON.



March 9.

We ask to do Thy will,
Not knowing yet what all that will may be,
But trusting that no dire calamity,
No hopeless grief, or needless breath
of ill,
Can ever reach the soul that rests in Thee,
And we can wait Thy will. — C. J. G.



March 10.

In order to mould thee into entire conformity to His will, He must have thee pliable in His hands, and this pliability is more quickly reached by yielding in

the little things than even in the greater. Thy one great desire is to follow Him fully; canst thou not say then a sweet continual "yes" to all His sweet commands, whether small or great, and trust Him to lead thee by the shortest road to thy full blessedness? — H. W. S.



March 11.

We sleep in peace in the arms of God when we yield ourselves up to His providence, in a delightful consciousness of His tender mercies: no more restless uncertainties, no more anxious desires, no more impatience at the place we are in; for it is God who put us there, and who holds us in His arms. Can we be unsafe where He has placed us?

— FÉNELON.

March 12.

Notwithstanding all that I have suffered, notwithstanding all the pain and weariness and anxiety and sorrow that necessarily enter into life, and the inward errings that are worse than all, I would end my record with a devout thanksgiving to the Author of my being. For more and more am I unwilling to make my gratitude to Him what is commonly called "a thanksgiving for mercies," for any blessings or benefits that are peculiar to myself or my friends, or indeed any man. Instead of that I would have it to be gratitude for all that belongs to my life and being, for joy and sorrow, for health and sickness, for success and disappointment, for virtue and temptation, for life and death, because I believe that all is meant for good. — ORVILLE DEWEY.

March 13.

Not as I would, do Thou for me,
Let not my prayer set
The measure of Thy boundless grace;
But deeper, fuller, yet
Be Thou Thyself the only bound,
Thy love the only goal,
According to Thy glory pour
Thy fulness on my soul.

— C. L. THOMPSON, D.D.



March 14.

“When Israel was a child then I loved him.” Aim to be ever this little child, contented with what the Father gives of pleasure or of play; and when restrained from pleasure or from play, and led for a season into the chamber of sorrow, rest quiet on His bosom, and be patient and smile, as one who is nestled in a sweet and secure asylum. — ANON.

March 15.

As to what may befall us outwardly in this confused state of things shall we not trust our tender Father, and rest satisfied in His will? Shall anything hurt us? Can tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril, or the sword, come between the love of the Father and the child, or the child's rest, content, and delight in His love? And doth not the love, the rest, the peace, the joy felt, swallow up all the bitterness and sorrow of the outward condition?

— I. PENNINGTON.



March 16.

She met the hosts of Sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they
wore,
And soon the lowering brood were tamed
and took
Meekly her gentle rule, and frowned no
more.

Her soft hand put aside the assaults of
wrath,

And calmly broke in twain

The fiery shafts of pain,

And rent the nets of passion from her
path.

By that victorious hand despair was slain;

With love she vanquished hate, and over-
came

Evil with good in her Master's name.

— W. C. BRYANT.



March 17.

True, we can never be at peace until we have performed the highest duty of all — till we have arisen and gone to our Father; but the performance of smaller duties, yes, even of the smallest, will do more to give us temporary repose, will act as more healthful anodynes, than the greatest joys that can come to us from any other quarter. — GEORGE MACDONALD.

March 18.

We are ready to praise when all shines fair, but when life is overcast, when all things seem to be against us, when we are in fear for some cherished happiness, or in the depths of sorrow, or in the solitude of a life which has no visible support, or in a season of sickness,—then to praise God, then to say, 'This fear, loneliness, affliction, pain, and trembling awe, are as sure tokens of love as life, health, joy, and the gifts of home. This is the true sacrifice of praise. What can come amiss to a soul which is so in accord with God?

— ANON.



March 19.

I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on.
Through dark and dearth, through fire
and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on.

— E. B. BROWNING.

March 20.

The sickness of the last week was fine medicine; pain disintegrated the spirit, or became spiritual. I rose, I felt that I had given to God more perhaps than an angel could — had promised Him in youth that to be a blot on this fair world at His command would be acceptable. Constantly offer myself to continue the obscurest and loneliest thing ever heard of, with one proviso, — His agency. Yes, love Thee, and all Thou dost, while Thou sheddest frost and darkness on every path of mine. — M. EMERSON.



March 21.

How shall we rest in God? By giving ourselves wholly to Him. If you give yourselves by halves, you cannot find full rest. There will be ever a lurking disquiet in that half which is withheld. Martyrs, confessors, and saints have tasted

this rest, and counted themselves happy in that they endured. A countless host of God's faithful servants have drunk deeply of it under the daily burden of a weary life — dull, commonplace, painful, or desolate. All that God has been to them, He is ready to be to you. The heart once fairly given to God, with a clear conscience, a fitting rule of life, and a steadfast purpose of obedience, you will find a wonderful sense of rest coming over you. — JEAN GROU.



March 22.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
His will is ever just,
Howe'er He orders now my cause,
I will be still and trust;
He is my God;
Though dark my road,
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to Him I leave it all. — ANON.

March 23.

“Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for him.” In Hebrew, “be silent to God and let Him mould thee.” Keep still, and He will mould thee to the right shape.

— MARTIN LUTHER.



March 24.

Possess yourself as much as you possibly can in peace. Not by any effort, but by letting all things fall to the ground which trouble or excite you. This is no work, but is, as it were, a settling down of fluid to settle what has become turbid through agitation. — MADAME GUYON.



March 25.

So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and
hand,
From thy hand and thy heart and thy
brave cheer,

And God's grace fructify through thee to
all.

The least flower with a brimming cup may
stand,

And share its dewdrop with another near.

— E. B. BROWNING.



March 26.

“There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling,” is a promise to the fullest extent verified in the case of all “who dwell in the secret place of the Most High.” To them sorrows are not evils, sicknesses are not plagues. The shadow of the Almighty extending far around those who abide under it alters the character of all things which come under its influence. — ANON.



March 27.

One great characteristic of holiness is never to be exacting, never to complain.

Each complaint drags us down a degree in our upward course. If you would discern in whom God's spirit dwells, watch that person, and notice whether you ever hear him murmur. — GOLD DUST.



March 28.

O Lord, my God, do Thou Thy holy will,
I will lie still.

I will not stir lest I forsake Thine arm,
And break the charm

Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's
breast,

In perfect rest. — J. KEBLE.



March 29.

We cannot always be doing a great work, but we can always be doing something that belongs to our condition. To be silent, to suffer, to pray when we cannot act, is acceptable to God. We do not lose time if we bear its loss with

gentleness and patience, provided the loss was inevitable, and was not caused by our own fault. — FÉNELON.



March 30.

God doth not need
Either man's works or his own gifts; who
best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best;
His state
Is kingly, thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
They also serve who only stand and wait.
— MILTON.



March 31.

Of what use my single loving word,
Or the work of my feeble hand,
No more to the whole than a single note,
Is to the chorus grand.
No more than the tiniest segment is
To the whole in the circling band.

Yet without that single note the song
Is not as the author willed,
And the circle is not if its smallest part
Is lost by the hand unskilled.
So without thy loving hand and work
God's plans are unfulfilled. — C. OGDEN.



April 1.

What inexpressible joy for me to look up through the apple blossoms, and the fluttering leaves, and to see God's love there; to listen to the thrush that has built his nest among them, and to feel God's love, who cares for the birds, in every note that swells his little throat; to look beyond to the bright blue depths of the sky, and feel that they are a canopy of blessing—the roof of the house of my Father; that if clouds pass over it it is the unchangeable light they veil; that even when the day itself passes I shall see that the night itself only unveils new

worlds of light; and to know that if I could unwrap fold after fold of God's universe I should only unfold more and more blessing and see deeper and deeper into the love which is at the heart of all.

— ELIZABETH CHARLES.



April 2.

O trembling heart, look away and look up! Your sorrows have been multiplied indeed by looking at difficulties and second causes. Now cease from all this. Talk no more about the walled cities and giants, about the rugged paths and dark valleys, about lions and robbers, but think of the love, the might, the wisdom of the Shepherd. Love that spared not its blood, might that made the worlds, wisdom that named the stars. Your salvation does not depend on what you are but on what He is. For every look at self take ten looks at Christ, cease using

the first pronoun, substitute for it the third. — F. B. MEYER.



April 3.

Wait not for some great cross to show
How much with patience thou canst
bear,
Try now thy strength in bending low
To take the cross of daily care.
It may seem poor and small indeed,
But it may yet more needful be
To train thee first of all to tread
The path of true humility. — ANON.



April 4.

Christ has a shepherd's faithfulness,
which will never fail nor forsake nor leave
us comfortless when He sees the wolf
coming; He has a shepherd's strength,
so that He is well able to deliver us from
the jaw of the lion or the paw of the bear;

He has a shepherd's tenderness, no lamb so tiny that He will not carry it, no saint so weak that He will not gently lead, no soul so faint that He will not give it rest. He pities as a father, He comforts as a mother. His gentleness makes great. He covers us with His feathers, soft and warm and downy, and under His wings do we trust. — F. B. MEYER.



April 5.

Every new birth is through sorrow. The last gift of Christ to His disciples, before the Passion, was the gift of His peace; not the peace of a still calm, untroubled by conflicts, but the peace which reigns supreme through the sorest trials, the sharpest agonies, the fiercest assaults, because it rests on the consciousness of an eternal sonship.

— BISHOP WESTCOTT.

April 6.

“For my sake” press with steadfast pa-
tience onward,
Although the race be hard, the battle long.
Within my Father’s house are many man-
sions,
There thou shalt rest and join the victor’s
song.
And if in coming days the world revile
thee,
If “for my sake” thou suffer pain and loss,
Bear on, faint heart, thy Master went
before thee,
They only wear His crown who share His
loss. — ANON.



April 7.

We can never rest so long as the hunger of the spirit is unappeased and its thirst unslaked. Strange that men are so slow to realize this. Yet the whole drift of human life seems impelled by the aching

void within. Conscious of their hunger men try to satisfy it with the husks that the swine eat; but they try in vain, and there is no answer to the unrest of the inward man until the voice of Jesus is heard saying, "He that cometh to Me shall never hunger, he that believeth on Me shall never thirst." — F. B. MEYER.



April 8.

How many earthly desires and worldly feelings are shaken from the soul by the tempest of a great sorrow, even as the faded leaves of autumn. But when all the leaves are stripped from the tree, and it stands bare and desolate under the lashings of winter winds, there still remain, carefully sealed up on every branch and twig, buds of celestial hue, which are to unfold in leaf and flower in the summer of God's kingdom. — H. B. STOWE.

April 9.

'Thy comfort comes through pain,
Thy tender hand the burden lifts,
And hope shines through the cloud in
golden rifts.

And unto those who trust Thee come
again
Courage and peace and all such kindred
gifts

“Clear shining after rain.” — C. J. G.



April 10.

All pain, sickness, weariness, distress,
languor, agony of body or mind, whether
in ourselves or others, is to be treated
reverently, seeing in it our Maker's hand
passing over us, fashioning by suffering
the imperfect or decayed substance of
our souls. Every sorrow is a billow on
this world's troublesome sea, which we
must pass over on the Cross to bear us

nearer home. Each trouble is meant to relax the world's hold upon us, and our hold upon the world; each loss to make us seek our gain in heaven. — DR. PUSEY.



April 11.

Henceforth be this my strife,
That all my failures lying at my feet,
May be but rounds by which I climb to
meet
My higher, fuller life. — K. PENFIELD.



April 12.

The Lord does oftentimes lead a soul apart, sets it in the solitude of a sick chamber, or in loneliness of spirit, or takes away from it earthly companions

and friends when He would speak with it and heal it. — ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.



April 13.

Whatsoever may befall us let us say, it is the voice of the Good Shepherd, it is His rod and staff which smite and comfort me. This will convert all things into revelations of His nearness and His compassion. If it be disappointment, perhaps we are too bold and confident, and there were in our course pitfalls and death. If in long anxieties, perhaps we were settling down in this life with too full a rest. If our long anxieties have shaped themselves at length into the realities of sorrow, it was this we needed for our very life, that nothing else would work in us His will and our salvation. All things are His doing, and that is enough. — DR. MANNING.

April 14.

If I in harvest fields,
Where strong ones reap,
May find one golden sheaf
For love to keep,
May speak one quiet word
When all is still,
Help some fainting heart
To bear Thy will.
Or sing one high, clear song,
On which may soar
Some glad soul heavenward,
I ask no more. — JULIA DORR.



April 15.

God makes crosses of great variety. He makes some of iron and lead, that look as if they must crush; some of straw that seem so light, and yet are no less difficult to carry; some He makes of gold and precious stones, that dazzle the eye,

and excite the envy of the spectators, but in reality are as well able to crucify as those which are so much dreaded.

— FÉNELON.



April 16.

Every contradiction of our will, every little ailment, every petty disappointment, will, if we take it patiently, become a blessing; it is a touch of our Saviour's cross, and so, though painful at the moment, is sweet and healthful afterward. — DR. PUSEY.



April 17.

Hast Thou, my Master, aught for me to do
 To honor Thee to-day?
 Hast Thou a word of love to some poor
 soul
 That I may say?

For see, this world that Thou hast made
so fair,
Within its heart is sad,
Thousands are lonely, thousands weep and
sigh,
But few are glad. — E. PRENTISS.



April 18.

He who believes in God is not careful for the morrow but labors joyfully and with a great heart. "For He giveth His beloved, as in sleep." They must work and watch, yet never be anxious nor careful, but commit all to him, and live in serene tranquillity, with a quiet heart, as one sleeps safely and quietly.

— MARTIN LUTHER.



April 19.

It must be a wild sea indeed over which the believer cannot reach his Lord. These heaviest waves of sorrow, these stormy

rollers of pain and fear and loss, even the dark trough of desolation and despair, — if across them you see Jesus, — they shall not be in your way. When Christ says "Come" there need be no failure. You shall find Him. Ay, even better, it may be, than in the daylight and the calm, guided by the effulgence of His face.

— ANNA WARNER.



April 20.

True patience is not mere doggedness. It involves both faith and hope, and the clinging of the will besides, for the sake of that faith and hope to the great end hoped for and believed in. — ANON.



April 21.

Some time when all life's lessons have
been learned
And sun and stars forever more have
set,

The things which our weak judgment here
had spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with
lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark
night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of
blue.
And we shall see how all God's plans are
right,
And how what seemed reproof was love
most true. — MAY RILEY SMITH.



April 22.

He has an especial tenderness of love towards thee, for that thou art in the dark, and hast no light, and His heart is glad when thou dost arise and say, "I will go to my Father." For He sees thee through all the gloom through which thou canst not see Him. Say to Him, "My God, I am very dull and low and

hard; but Thou art wise and tender and high, and Thou art my God. I am Thy child; forsake me not." Then fold the arms of thy faith and wait in quietness until light goes up in the darkness.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.



April 23.

We have only to be patient, to pray, to do His will, according to our present light and strength, and the growth of the soul will go on. The plant grows in the mist, and under clouds as truly as under sunshine. So does the heavenly principle within. — W. E. CHANNING.



April 24.

It is not that I feel less weak, but Thou Wilt be my strength; it is not that I see Less sin, but more of pardoning love with
Thee,

And all-sufficient grace. Enough! And
now,
All fluttering thought is stilled. I only
rest,
And feel that Thou art near, and know
that I am blest. — F. R. HAVERGAL.



April 25.

O Lord, who art as the shadow of a
great rock in a weary land, who beholdest
Thy weak creatures, weary of labor, weary
of pleasure, weary of hope deferred, weary
of self; in thine abundant compassion
and unutterable tenderness bring us, I
pray Thee, unto Thy rest. Amen.

— CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.



April 26.

God so loveth us that He would make
all things channels to us and messengers
of His love. Do for His sake deeds of

love and He will give thee His love. Still thyself, thy own cares, thy own thoughts, for Him, and He will speak to thy heart. Ask for Himself and He will give thee Himself. Truly a secret, hidden thing, is the love of God, known only to them who seek it, and to them also secret, for what man can have of it here is how slight a foretaste of that endless ocean of His love. — E. B. PUSEY.



April 27.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health and friends
be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father, Thy mercy never dies.

— JOHANN ROTHE.

April 28.

Your external circumstances may change, toil may take the place of rest, sickness of health, trials may thicken within and without. Externally you are the prey of circumstances; but if your heart is stayed on God, no changes nor chances can touch it, and all that may befall you will but draw you closer to Him. — JEAN GROU.



April 29.

Calmly we look behind us, on joys and
sorrows past,
We know that all is mercy now, and shall
be well at last.
Calmly we look before us, we fear no
future ill,
Enough for safety and for peace, if Thou
art with us still. — JANE BORTHWICK.

April 30.

Seek not to flee the place God placed
thee in,
For where He wills is the true place for
thee;
If thou hadst thy own choice thou couldst
not win
A spot all restful where no rough winds
be.
Live thou thy life, with patience sweeten
it,
Make rich the lives of others in thy walk,
Strengthen thy soul with words of holy
writ,
And season with sweet charity thy walk.

— L. FLETCHER.



May 1.

Thine own self-will and anxiety, thy
hurry and labor, disturb thy peace and
prevent Me from working in thee.
Look at the little flowers in their

serene summer days; they quietly open their petals, and the sun shines into them with his gentle influences. So will I do for thee if thou wilt yield thyself to Me. — G. TERSTEEGEN.



May 2.

Interpose no barrier to His mighty life-giving power, working in you all the good pleasure of His will. Yield yourself up utterly to His sweet control. Put your growing into His hands as completely as you have put all other affairs. Suffer Him to manage it as He will. Do not concern yourself about it, nor even think of it. Trust Him, absolutely and always.

— H. W. S.



May 3.

When Thy rain on me descendeth,
And Thy clouds about me roll,
Grant, O Lord, the power of singing

To my tempest-shaken soul.
May I see Thy mercy shining
Far behind the outer gloom,
May I hear thine angels chanting,
May I see Thy lilies bloom! — ANON.



May 4. °

Christian peace is unclouded azure in a lake of glass. It is the soul which Christ has pacified, spread out in serenity and simple faith, and the Lord God, merciful and gracious, smiling over it.

— HAMILTON.



May 5.

Where the peace is which Christ gives, all the trouble and disquiet of the world cannot disturb it. All outward distress to such a mind is but as the rattling of

the hail upon the tiles to him that sits
within the house at a sumptuous banquet.

— LEIGHTON.



May 6.

God has lent us the earth for our life.
It is a great entail. It belongs to them
who are to come after us, and whose
names are already written in the book of
creation, as to us; and we have no right
by anything that we do or neglect, to in-
volve them in unnecessary penalties, or
to deprive them of benefits which it was
in our power to bequeath. — RUSKIN.



May 7.

Love is a virtue for heroes, as white as
the snow on high hills,
And immortal as every great soul is, that
struggles, endures, and fulfils.

— E. B. BROWNING.

May 8.

God broke our years
To hours and days,
That hour by hour .
And day by day
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along,
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulder, and the fu-
ture, rife
With woe and strength, meet us face to
face
At just one place,
We could not go;
Our feet would stop, and so
God lays a little on us every day,
And never, I believe, on all the way,
Will burdens bear so deep,
Or pathways lie so threatening and so
deep,
But we can go, if by God's power,
We only bear the burden of the hour.

— ANON.

May 9.

Human sympathy is of the faintest kind, compared with God's sympathy. Perhaps you have never thought that He is sorry for you in your weakness, or sickness, or disappointment, or trouble. But He is sorry for all of us. And yet not sorry in the sense that will prevent Him from doing the best thing for us. God loves us enough to discipline us. — ANON.



May 10.

Shrink not; sorrow is the birthright
 Of all souls beneath the skies;
 They who wipe the tears of anguish,
 Must have felt tears scald their eyes.

To crave ease — ah, that is human,
 But to suffer is divine;
 Strength from weakness, joy in service,
 There is peace that outlasts time.

— EDITH W. CLARKE.

May 11.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds
tight.

With glad days, and sad days, and bad
days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and
their blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful
night.

Let them go, since we cannot re-live
them,
Cannot undo, and cannot atone,
God in His mercy, receive and forgive
them.

Only the new days are our own;
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

— SUSAN COOLIDGE.

May 12.

Each man has his own special form in which self-denial is required of him. We need pure eyes, and hearts kept in very close communion with Jesus, to ascertain what our particular cross is. He has them of many patterns, shapes, sizes, and materials. We can always make sure of strength to carry the one He means us to carry, but not of strength to bear what is not ours. — F. B. MEYER.



May 13.

Oh, that Christ would break down the old, narrow vessels, of these narrow and ebb souls, and make fair, deep, wide, and broad souls, to hold a sea, and a full tide, flowing over all its banks of Christ's love. — SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

May 14.

God, Thou dost give and Thou dost take,
Thine equal love bestows, denies;
Thy will it is when life is sweet,
And plain the path before our eyes;
Thy will no less, when weary feet
The journey's end find hard to make.

— GEORGE H. BOTTOME.



May 15.

We are called to deny *self*; not to deny ourselves something, but to deny self any right to the rule or disposal of our lives, and to make our lives offerings to God upon the altar of human need. The kingdom of God is not coming now, nor has it ever come without a Calvary. It will not come now, nor has it ever come, save at the hands of those who love not their lives unto death.

— PROFESSOR HERRON.

May 16.

In climbing this ladder of life, we leave the rounds behind and they are soon forgotten. So must it be with the days themselves and with what they bring. How many things now look little which once looked large. Who cares to remember his toilsome days, his tossing nights, the pains that wrenched his nerves, or the pangs that smote his heart? The steps must be taken, the voyage must be made, but the incidents by the way are forgotten in the destination. Welcome are the experiences that conduct us to wisdom and goodness, to power and peace. Welcome all the rounds by which we may ascend.

— CHARLES G. AMES.



May 17.

Dumb seem Thy lips to our despair,
Despair that flows from human loss.
But He who drank earth's bitterness,

Rebukes us from His patient cross.
What matters earthly more or less
If Thou, O Father, still art there.

Be Thou Thyself our constant plea:
So satisfy the human cry!
For all Thy wisdom has denied,
Thou never wilt Thyself deny!
Rich, though we lack all else beside,
"Father," we cry, "we lack not Thee."

— G. H. B.



May 18.

Necessary burdens are not those ordinarily that break men down. The burdens which crush are commonly those which we have no call to bear. We groan under many a burden which we would do well to lay down. If it were really a burden that we ought to carry, our prayer can be that of the old divine, when he said, "Lord, either lighten my burden, or strengthen my back," and we

may expect an answer to our prayer. But unnecessary burdens, we have no right to ask for added strength to bear. Laying down an unnecessary burden is wiser than letting it break us down.

— S. S. TIMES.



May 19.

Resignation is putting God between one's self and one's grief.

— MADAME SWETCHINE.



May 20.

Why should we be taken up with earthly things? Had I no part in Christ I would be nothing but a beggar, although I possessed the world. Thou knowest that in heaven, no coins except grace pass, so strive to be found rich in faith. Silver and gold! These will not help us in

death, much less in the day of judgment. Therefore be content with what God's wisdom hath appointed, and if thy circumstances be not to thy mind, suit thy mind to thy circumstances.

— GEORGE UITSCH.



May 21.

In ourselves the sunshine dwells,
In ourselves the music swells;
Everywhere the heart awakes,
Finds what pleasures it can make;
Everywhere the light and shade
In the gazer's eye is made. — LOWELL.



May 22.

Even if in the midst of an avalanche of work, He calls you "apart into a desert place to rest awhile," and even if the desert mean only a headache, or a rainy day instead of a journey, make no complaint but follow close. — ANNA WARNER.

May 23.

How many weeks will any of us be able to live, without coming to some spot where it will be felt as a rational comfort to believe that all our way, step by step, trial by trial, success, failure, loss, removal, was ordered for us by Him who sees the end from the beginning.

— BISHOP HUNTINGTON.



May 24.

O smile of God! If darkness o'er me
hovers,

The sun eclipsed in night,
Pierce through the gloom which for a
moment covers

This hungering for the light. — ANON.



May 25.

What will it matter in a little while
That for a day,
We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile

Upon the way?

These trifles! Can they make or mar

Human life?

Are souls as lightly swayed as rushes are

By love or strife?

Yea, yea, a look the fainting heart may
break,

Or make it whole,

And just one word, if said for love's sweet
sake,

May save a soul. — ANON.



May 26.

Did you ever try to develop a photograph? Did you ever stand in the dark room, and put the glass, in which you had taken your picture, in the little tray and look at it? There is absolutely nothing there. It is as blank as when you put it in the camera. And you pour the preparation over it, and wash it back and forth, and there comes a line, and an-

other, and another. The picture is coming out. That is what God is doing with us. He takes a human soul, in which you and I cannot see anything, and it is a wonder He can, and He bathes it and watches it, and one lineament after another of divinity comes out in the human soul. And by and by, when His work of development is done, God will stand in the picture, for you are the sons of God.

—LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.



May 27.

There are spaces all too broad in our lives out of which we leave the Saviour, as it were, thinking that He can have no interest in them; and these, hence, are dreary, barren deserts in us. The real Christ is the Christ for the disciple in the little and lowly, and mean and despised things which enter into and belong to him, as well as in traits and qualities

and functions of his, which he is wont to esteem great and honorable. — ANON.



May 28.

Each tear we have shed is the seed of a
smile,
Our griefs may rejoicings be after a while,
The doubts turn to sureties, the discords
to tune,
And the cold dawn called Life, into
heavenly noon.
The rainbow is cradled in storm, and the
snows
Are the sheltering place of the fair sleep-
ing rose,
And, content with the will of the Lord,
soon or late,
We shall read the glad word o'er the
beautiful gate. — SUSAN COOLIDGE.

May 29.

We ought to be willing to be trained for any service to which God would assign us, whatever the cost of the training may be. We are all eager for promotion in life. We are honored when our fellow-men trust us with new and important responsibilities. Men are willing to spend years in hard study, and to endure severe discipline, that they may be able to take certain positions in life, and perform duties requiring delicacy and skill. When our great Master desires to prepare us for the highest of all arts, that of being comforters of others in their trouble, should we not feel ourselves honored in being called to perform such sacred service for Him. — S. S. TIMES.



May 30.

We cannot be a blessing to those who need the ministry of comfort until we, too, have suffered, and learned the lesson

of comfort for ourselves at God's feet. Hence, if we would be truly and deeply helpful, we must be willing to pay the price of the costly tuition. We must learn long before we can teach. We must listen long before we can be ready to speak to others. Our own hearts must break, to fit us for giving comfort. For only with the heart's blood can we heal hearts. — M. E. P.



May 31.

We lade our ships so fully,
And send them out to sea;
But only God in His wisdom true
Can tell what the voyage may be.
So I send my prayer to heaven,
Like winged ships they hie,
Laden with faith and hope, away,
And on to the distant sky.
Shall I let my doubts go after,
To wreck them on their way?

Ah, no. God grant that my faith and
trust

Grow steadier day by day.

—MARY D. BRINE.



June 1.

We must be willing to endure temptation, conflict, and struggle with sin, and get the victory, before we can be succorers of those who are tempted. We must be content to suffer, and must learn to suffer patiently, before we can sing the songs of Christian joy and peace in the ears of the weary. — ANON.



June 2.

The man who stands at any period of life, and says as he looks back, "My cup runneth over," is not the man whose cup has held no bitter drop. David had known hunger and thirst, and desert

ways, as well as green pastures and still waters; but whatever else was in his cup, he never failed to add love and gratitude. He could not always see "goodness and mercy" going before him, but he felt sure they were "following," and so he went forward without any fear of evil. — ANON.



June 3.

The life that on His hand depends,
With love its little treasure spends;
It loves, and love's return is given;
Seeking, it leads the way to heaven;
By loss, it gains a strange increase,
And wins, through struggle, deepest peace.

— D. GOODALE.



June 4.

Is not the root of an apple-tree concealed from the eye, and does it not go away down silently into the soul, feel-

ing its way after earth, food, and water, and drawing up nourishment for every limb and leaf? So a truly converted soul learns to go down into Christ for his spiritual nourishment. As our bodies are kept strong by our daily bread, so his soul feeds on Jesus, as the "bread of life." — ANON.



June 5.

A brave, resolute, Christian life is not always smooth sailing; but the inward power becomes an overmatch for headwinds. Sometimes the gales of adversity sweep away a Christian's possessions, but there is an undisturbed treasure down in the hold — a glorious consciousness that One is with him that the world can neither give nor take away.

— THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

June 6.

We pray Thee, God, into our lives send
tears,

We cannot bear a glory all the way;
Life chars without a cloud or rainy day,
The ever sunshine burns to desertness.
Save us from yellow sunshine — yellow
sand.

The light is pleasant, sorrowful the rain,
But in the end the sun is pitiless.

Give bitter tears, as Thou dost give the
land

Sweet rain. The watered land,
Yieldeth the grain. — T. H.



June 7.

Tears are sometimes telescopes with
which the other worlds are viewed.
Aching hearts feel their helplessness, and
then call on God for the comfort that is
not within reach. They see visions, have

revelations, and doors are opened, the key to which is forged out of some grief.

— GEORGE HEPWORTH, D.D.



June 8.

There is a cheerfulness, which, even when things go seriously wrong, can keep from sinking into mere fret, and worry, and bitterness. Some people talk of this as if it were all a matter of temperament. Of course there are some to whom it comes easier than to others; it is so with every quality. But apart from that, cheerfulness is a duty, and a duty which no one can weave into a settled part of his life without something of a cross.

— BROOKE HERFORD, D.D.



June 9.

Some nations accustom even their young children to carry heavy baskets, or other weights, upon their heads, in

order that they may become straight. Thus by a daily bearing of your burden, as a service to God, a strength that can be gained in no other way will result. It will be a daily drill by which things take their proper places and assume their true relations, and by which your clear vision begins to comprehend God revealed in Christ, and to look straight up and behold Him who, though He prayed, "Let this cup pass from Me," added, "Thy will be done."

"How shalt thou bear the cross that now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the eternal years."

— OPEN WINDOW.



June 10.

When limitations are accepted and recognized as part of the discipline of life, they become sources of strength and

grace to us. It is the sublime truth about life, that there is absolutely nothing in it which, rightly used, may not contribute to a man's growth; and many a human soul, recognizing that its limitations are divinely ordained, has drawn from that recognition a strength of patience, a sweetness of temper, and a beauty of spirit, which have, after a time, dissolved the limitations themselves, in that divine atmosphere which knows no boundaries. — CHRISTIAN UNION.



June 11.

We are in no sense our own. We are bought with many prices; our present is linked with the past and the future. Our most fruitful experiences in fellowship with Christ, our hardest disappointments, and most living griefs, are our opportunities and responsibilities for serving men in Jesus' name. — PROFESSOR HERRON.

June 12.

In God's eternal plan, a month, a year,
Is but an hour of some slow April day,
Holding the germs of what we hope and
fear,
To blossom far away.

We pray for growth and strength; grief's
dreaded showers,
May be in God's wise purpose, ripening
rain;
He only knows how all our highest powers
Are perfected in pain. — ANON.



June 13.

The surgeon cuts in order to save the
body, and when it is all over we bless the
knife. God wounds, because a wounded
soul needs sympathy and consolation,
and can only find them in thoughts of
another life. — GEORGE HEPWORTH, D.D.

June 14.

Cheerfulness can only be attained by daily watchfulness, and schooling the spirit, and constantly reminding oneself how hard life is after all, to almost every one; and by schooling oneself not to expect too much — to feel that it is not our world, and that we must not fret over what is beyond our power. These are matters in which it is possible, greatly possible, to school oneself — to cultivate cheerfulness. — BROOKE HERFORD.



June 15.

Just to let thy Father do
What He will,
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth,
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.

Just to trust Him, that is all;
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

— F. R. HAVERGAL.



June 16.

There are just as many comforts, promises, divine encouragements, and blessings above us, when we are in the noons of our human gladness and earthly success, as when we are in our nights of pain and shadow. We may not see them in the brightness about us, but they are there, and their benedictions fall upon us as perpetually, in a gentle rain of grace. — J. R. MILLER, D.D.



June 17.

It is in the power of the soul to carry its light with it. Are you hedged in on every side? You have the power,

if you know how to use it, of making your circumstances pleasant. Are those fountains from which you have been wont to derive comfort stopped up? You do not need them. You can develop fountains of comfort in yourself.

— HENRY WARD BEECHER.



June 18.

Lift up thy tired eyes; no cloud is
spread

Betwixt thee and His heavens serene
and pure;

He holds His hand above thy humble
head,

Thy happiness is sure.

Then keep the courage of thy morning
prime,

And bravely bear the cross He lays on
thee.

'Tis but a little space of troubled time

To His eternity. — ANON.

June 19.

To pray for this day's bread is enough. To-morrow will have its own provision, and other morrows in their turn. Take, then, not only what burdens the day may bring, but its utmost possibility of joy, of helpfulness, of growth, and peace will abide, and be more and more the portion of the day forever. — HELEN CAMPBELL.



June 20.

God is greater than my prayers have ever been. God is more eager than my complaints. If nothing else in the universe were sure, this would be, that God has given me all the good I could bear. Uplifts from many a failure prove it. Fierce griefs assuaged, desires crowned with fulfilment, and years led through crooked paths of self-will, yet ever by God's grace to a wider life. — ANON.

June 21.

Charge not thyself with the weight of a
year,
Child of the Master, faithful and dear;
Choose not the cross for the coming
week,
For that is more than He bids thee seek.

Bend not thine arms for the morrow's
load,
Thou mayest leave that to thy gracious
God;
Daily only He saith to thee,
Take up thy cross and follow Me.

— ANON.



June 22.

What wonderful things await me back
of the sweetly mysterious cloud. There
must be deeper knowledge, for Thou wilt
continue to teach me. And fuller love,
for the years bloom ever the richer for

it; and wider friendships, for my old friends continually bring me new ones. Blessed changes that mean no loss nor sorrow, but only the keenest of joy.

— ANON.



June 23.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sometimes sail with the wind, and sometimes against it — but we must sail, and not drift nor lie at anchor. — OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



June 24.

So should we live that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower —
A self-reviving thing of power;
That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy. — HOUGHTON.



June 25.

A blade is a small thing. At first it grows very near the earth. It is often soiled, and crushed, and down-trodden. But it is a living thing. The great dead stone beside it is more imposing, only it will never be anything else but a stone. But this small blade — it doth not yet appear what it shall be.

— PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND.



June 26.

God does not put upon us burdens that we are unable to bear, although at times it does seem as though we never should be able to accept the particular trials of

our lot and adjust ourselves to them. But is not this one great trouble? We do not accept them. We strive against them. — OPEN WINDOW.



June 27.

For life seems little when life is past;
And the memories of sorrow fleet so fast;
And the woes which were bitter to you
 and to me,
Shall vanish as raindrops which fall in
 the sea.
And all that has hurt us shall be made
 good,
And the puzzles which hindered be under-
 stood,
And the long, hard march through the
 wilderness bare
Seem but a day's journey when once we
 are there. — SUSAN COOLIDGE.

June 28.

God does not like to bestow His blessings where they will be hoarded. He loves to put them into the hands of those who will do the most with them to bless their fellows. Lay every gift at the Master's feet, and then, when it has been blessed by Him, carry it out to bless others. Bring your barley loaves to Christ, and then with the spell of His touch upon them, you may feed hungry thousands with them. — M. E. P.



June 29.

O, doubting worker in the fields of God,
Lay to thine heart the lesson old and
sweet;
Toil is not wasted on the roughest clod,
The miracle of growth we still repeat.
What though no signs of spring thine
eyes can see,

No blossom opening in the wintry gale;
While stands the world, O, sower of the
seed,
Springtime and harvest, nevermore shall
fail.—S. SHOUP.



June 30.

As a father in the garden stoops down
to kiss his child, the shadow of his body
falls on it. So many of the dark mis-
fortunes of our life are not God going
away from us, but our Heavenly Father
stooping down to give us the kiss of His
infinite and everlasting love. — ANON.



July 1.

God is building in us something that
transcends anything that man ever knew.
He is building it by the power of His
might, and He is building it by us, and

in us, and through us, and in spite of our implorations that He would desist. Blessed be God, who builds though we seek to hinder His building, and though we would sometimes even pull down and destroy that which He is building.

— HENRY WARD BEECHER.



July 2.

Master, to do great work for Thee, my
hand
Is far too weak. Thou givest what may
suit —
Some little chips to cut with care minute,
Or tint or grave or polish. Others
stand
Before their quarried marble, fair and
grand,
And make a life-work of the great design
Which Thou hast traced; or many skilled
combine
To build vast temples, gloriously planned,

Just one by one, as they were given by
 Thee;
 Not knowing what came next in Thy wise
 thought;
 Set each stone by Thy master hand of grace,
 Form the mosaic as Thou wilt for me,
 And in Thy temple pavement give it
 place. — F. R. HAVERGAL.



July 3.

“Do the thing that lies next you.”
 That is all our business. Hurried results
 are worse than none. We must force
 nothing, but be partakers of the divine
 patience. All haste implies weakness.

— GEORGE MACDONALD.



July 4.

What is the measure of love we owe
 others? It is the measure of what we
 think is owing to ourselves.

— DEAN STANLEY.

July 5.

Art tired?

There is a rest remaining. Hast thou
sinned?

There is a sacrifice. Lift up thy head.
The lovely world, and the over world alike,
Ring with a song eterne. A happy rede,
Thy Father loves thee. — JEAN INGELow.



July 6.

He who walks through life with an
even temper, and a gentle patience,
patient with himself, patient with others,
patient with difficulties and crosses, he
has an every-day greatness beyond that
which is won in battle or chanted in
cathedrals. — DR. DEWEY.



July 7.

An obstacle is not something put in a
man's path to block him; it is something

put there to make him climb up and over, if he cannot move it.

— LAWSON VALENTINE.



July 8.

Well I know thy sorrow,
Oh, my servant true,
Thou art very weary;
I was weary, too.
But that toil shall make thee,
Some day, all Mine own;
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne.

— J. M. NEALE.



July 9.

Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing tenderer, nothing better either in heaven or in earth, because love is

born of God, and rising above all created things can find its rest in Him alone.

— THOMAS À KEMPIS.



July 10.

Strangely do some people talk of “getting over” a great sorrow. Not so. No one ever does that; at least, no nature which has been touched with the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction, solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the Red Sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide and become to us a wall on the right side and the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore.

— D. M. CRAIK.

July 11.

Grief is strong, but joy is stronger,
Night is long, but day is longer;
When life's riddle solves and clears,
And the angels in our ears
Whisper the sweet answer low
(Answer full of love and blessing),
How our wonderment will grow
At the blindness of our guessing;
All the hard things we recall,
Made so easy after all.

— SUSAN COOLIDGE.

*July 12.*

Wherever I turn my feet, wherever I
turn my thought, I behold the Eternal
God. The morning comes; He floods
me with His light. In the evening, the
heavens are all eyes through which He
gazes as a pitying Father on His child.
Every process in nature is the going

forth of the Everlasting on His messages of love, and every event in my experience is a message of love fulfilled in me.

— F. H. HEDGE.



July 13.

There shall be joy in the presence of God over a community of noble men made perfect and ransomed from the flesh. The experiences of this life are but so many lessons by which men learn of their nobler manhood and higher nature. Blessed things lie just before you. — BEECHER.



July 14.

It always comes — God's help to human
need,
In measures often that our hopes exceed.
God's answer to the prayer our lips repeat,

In common blessings or surprises sweet.
Does He not see how ever doubtful the
heart is,
How fearful ever the hand we reach to
Him?
As if to us His presence were not near,
Nor could be found. Yet it is always
near. — OLIVE DANA.



July 15.

In visiting once a beautiful garden in Italy, the owner showed me a little bottle, the smell of which was most delicious. It contained a very rare gum, of which the old incense of the Tabernacle was made, and which his brother had gone all over Palestine and the East in search of, in vain. You may imagine his delight when, one morning, he found a tree in his garden with this fragrant gum on its bark. He died, and his brother put the precious smelling tears of gum in the

little bottle, keeping them carefully as a sacred memorial. God keeps our tears even more carefully in His bottle. Not one of them is unnoticed, or will fall to the ground in vain. — HUGH MACMILLAN.



July 16.

The child of God, though he may appear to mortal eyes a very Lazarus, has mighty treasures stored in heaven, and is even now drawing compound interest upon an eternal weight of glory. — ANON.



July 17.

Kind wishes and good deeds — they make
not poor,
They'll come again, full laden to thy
door;
The streams of love flow back where they
began,

July 19.

It is the solemn truth that every man must live his inner life alone, and the sense of isolation is unspeakably oppressive. In those hours and days of longing for sympathetic companionship our dearest friends fail us, because they cannot reach us, nor can we reach them. Then it is we need a friend who shall be human, and yet more than human. Such a friend — and only one we have — who knows all that is in us, and yet loves us; who once died to save us, and now lives to strengthen us. — S. S. HARRIS.



July 20.

O friends, if the great burdens
His love can make so light,
Why should His wonderful goodness
Our halting credence slight?
The little sharp vexations,

And the briers that catch and fret,
Shall we not take them to the Helper,
Who never has failed us yet?

— M. E. SANGSTER.



July 21.

God keeps a costly school. Many of its lessons are spelled out through tears. Old Richard Baxter said, "O God, I thank Thee for a bodily discipline of eight and fifty years," and he is not the only man who has turned a trouble into a triumph. This school of our Heavenly Father will soon close for us; the term time is shortening every day. Let us not shirk a hard lesson or wince under any rod of chastisement. The richer will be the crown, and the sweeter will be heaven, if we endure cheerfully to the end and graduate into glory.

— THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

July 22.

Engrave upon your hands, "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord," and then take up, piece by piece, the work He lays before you, and do it thoroughly. It may look little and insignificant all the way, but at the end the golden grains shall have made a shining mountain. — ANON.



July 23.

My Christ walks with me in the light,
He leads me where I cannot see;
The sorrows hard to understand,
Seem only sweetest liberty.

Whene'er I fall He lifts me up,
Whene'er I moan He whispers low,
"The things that seem so dark to-day
Hereafter thou shalt plainly know."

— ANON.

July 24.

In thy silent wishing, thy voiceless, unuttered prayer, let the desire be not cherished that afflictions may not visit thee; for well has it been said, "Such prayers never seem to have wings." I am willing to be purified through sorrow, and to accept it meekly as a blessing. I see that all the clouds are angel faces, and their voices speak harmoniously of the everlasting chime. — L. M. CHILD.



July 25.

Every Christian ought to be in his human measure, a new incarnation of the Christ, so that people shall say, "He interprets Christ to me. He comforts me in my sorrows as Christ Himself would do if He were to come and sit beside me. He is hopeful and patient as Christ would be if He were to return and take me as His disciple." — J. R. MILLER.

July 26.

Ask God to give thee skill
In comfort's art,
That thou mayest consecrated be,
And set apart
Unto a life of sympathy;
For heavy is the weight of ill
In every heart,
And comforters are needed much
Of Christ-like touch.

—A. E. HAMILTON.



July 27.

If you wish to know whether you are a Christian, inquire of yourself whether in and for the love of God, you seek to make happy those about you by smiles and pleasant sayings? Are you a comfortable person to live with? Are you pleasant to have about? — GAIL HAMILTON.

July 28.

I am weary of life's troubles, of its sin
and toil and care,
I am faithless, crushing in my heart so
many a fruitless prayer.
O birds from out the east, O birds from
out the west,
Can ye tell me of that city the name of
which is Rest?

Within it is no darkness, nor any baleful
flower
Shall there oppress thy weeping eyes with
stupefying power;
It lieth calm within the light of God's
peace-giving breast,
Its walls are called Salvation, the city's
name is Rest. — ANON.



July 29.

In Eastern myth, each man, when the
hour struck, took his shroud and went

forth to the Orient. Through fertile fields, or deserts drear, he never looked behind him, straight onward moving into the land of the day-dawn, till the angels of destiny pointed out a green spot where he might lie down and be at rest. Closing our eyes to earth, we see in ecstatic vision the city of Peace. — E. P. TENNEY.



July 30.

A lonely rock by the wayside,
All jagged and seamed and rent;
Yet over its brow the daisies
Their pure, bright faces bent.
Gay columbines danced on slender stems,
And fairy trumpets blew;
From every crevice tufts of fern
And feathery grasses grew,
Till gone were the outlines sharp and
bare,
That might offend the eye;

And the wayside rock was a charming
sight

To every passer-by.

Dear heart, alone and lonely,

Though shattered life's hopes may be,

The Lord who cares for the wayside rock

Will much more care for thee.

Thy deeds of tenderness, words of love,

Like flowers may spring and twine,

Till joy come into others' lives

From the very rents in thine.

— CHARLOTTE SLOCUM.



July 31.

We lift our eyes unto the hills where is
the infinite love and help of God. We
look on the city, and sigh over its sins
and sorrows. And lo, this is made our
glorious possibility. To draw from that
fulness for the wants of those about us,
bringing into the midst of earth's want
and sorrow the healing help, the almighty

strength, the transforming love, that are available for us in Jesus Christ.

— MARK GUY PEARSE.



August 1.

The lamp of Christ's comfort may seem useless to you in the happy days of youth, when you have no sorrow; but sometime it will grow dark about you, with no earthly light to shine upon your path, and then this heavenly lamp will be most welcome; it will teach you where to go when the night darkens about your own soul. — ANON.



August 2.

He who cares for the lily,
And heeds the sparrow's fall,
Shall tenderly lead His loving child,

For He made and loveth all.
And so, when wearied and baffled,
And I know not which way to go,
I know that He can guide me,
And 'tis all that I need to know.

— ANON.



August 3.

A wise man said, "Whatever came to me I looked on as God's gift for some especial purpose. If it were a difficulty, He gave it to me to struggle with, to strengthen my mind and faith; if it were a helpless invalid cast on me for support, or even a beggar, I thought, God has given me another chance to do His work. The idea has sweetened and helped all my life." — ANON.



August 4.

Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but

they only grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable.

— ANON.



August 5.

God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
 To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
 All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,
 For younger fellow-workers of the soil
 To wear for amulets. So others shall
 Take patience, labor to their heart and
 hand
 From thy hand and thy heart, and thy
 brave cheer,
 And God's grace fructify through thee to
 all.

The least flower with a brimming cup
 may stand,
And share its dewdrops with another near.

— E. B. BROWNING.



August 6.

How easily the praises come
When prayers are answered as we would!
But O! how faltering the strain
That claims Thee "Father," hails Thee
 "good,"
When our heart's wish returns again
Void, and Thy loving lips are dumb.

— G. H. BOTTOME.



August 7.

It should be with all of us a study how
to make the most of our life. We are to
pass through this world but once, and it

is worth our while to do our best to benefit others while on our passage.

— DR. DANA.



August 8.

Life is not one thread. It is a loom, with many spindles all filled and moving in and out. The pattern we weave, even if every energy, every thought, is trained to make it perfect, will have many blurred places, many blank, colorless spaces. Not one thread stands by itself. Each bears a part in the whole. We cannot break off and begin again without showing the blemish, even though the thread be knotted, thin, or imperfectly colored.

— ANON.



August 9.

The sweet-toned bell rings out sweetness, however gently or rudely it is struck,

while the clanging gong cannot be so touched as not to resound with a jangle. There is the same difference in people. When the grace of God possesses heart and mind, you will respond with a sweet spirit to every touch, kind or unkind, rude or loving. You will be a voice for God, in whatever place or company you are thrown, a witness for charity and kindness and truth. — ANON.



August 10.

We rise by the things that are under feet,
By what we have mastered of good or gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly
meet. — J. G. HOLLAND.



August 11.

Life is a building. It rises slowly,
day by day throughout the years. Every

new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice, which is rising silently within us. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every book we read, every conversation we hear, every act of our commonest days, adds something to the invisible building. — J. R. MILLER, D.D.



August 12.

Many build as cathedrals were built. The part nearest the ground finished, but that part which soars towards heaven, the turrets and spires, forever incomplete.

— BEECHER.



August 13.

Block by block, with sharp and short endeavor,
Lifelong we build these human natures up
Into a temple fit for freedom's shrine.

— BAYARD TAYLOR.

August 14.

There are ways in which even silent people can belong to God, and be a blessing in the world. A star does not talk, but its calm, steady beam shines down continually out of the sky, and is a benediction to many. Be like a star in your peaceful shining, and many will thank God for your life. — J. R. MILLER, D.D.



August 15.

O Lord, teach me to know my need of help from Thee, and seek after it; to find my place and keep it; know my duty and do it. Amen. — JOHN WALLACE.



August 16.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear,

Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

— ANON.



August 17. '

Living to Christ in small things, and living for Christ every day, is the secret of large fruitfulness. A peach tree, or an orange, does not leap into a bounty of fruit by one spasmodic effort. An orchard does not ripen under a day's single sunshine. Every raindrop, every inch of sunbeam, every inch of subsoil, does its part. A fruitful Christian is a growth. — ANON.



August 18.

Every honest prayer that is breathed; every cross that is carried; every trial that is well endured; every good work for our fellow-men lovingly done; every little act that is conscientiously performed for

Christ's glory, helps to make the Christian character beautiful, and to load its broad boughs with "apples of gold," for God's "baskets of silver." — ANON.



August 19.

Build a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work
And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow. — MARY BUTTS.



August 20.

A crystal is sometimes formed in the embrace of a boulder of granite. To clear it of its rough enclosure, and to bring its beautiful facets to the light, nature submerges it in deep waters, shat-

ters it by tempests, and abrades it by contact with stones and mud and the rubbish of the sea. Thus a redeemed soul is, by the plan of God, immersed in the cares, trials, and usefulness of a world of sin, so that by sheer resistance to evil, and abrasion with depravity, it may be polished to the transparent image of Him who made it. — AUSTIN PHELPS.



August 21.

God hides some ideal in every human life. At some time in our life we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best. — ROBERT COLLYER.



August 22.

I know Thee, who hast kept my path, and
made

Light for me in the darkness; tempering
sorrow

So that it reached me like a solemn joy.

— ROBERT BROWNING.



August 23.

Suffering is a wonderful fertilizer to the roots of character. The great object of this life is character. This is the only thing we can carry with us into eternity. To gain the most of it, and the best of it, is the object of probation.

— AUSTIN PHELPS.



August 24.

We need only to accept our taskwork, our drudgery, our toil, in Christ's name, and the glory of Christ will transfigure it, and shine upon our faces.

— J. R. MILLER, D.D.

August 25.

So still, dear Lord, in every place,
Thou standest by the toiling folk
With love and pity in Thy face,
And givest of Thy help and grace
To those who meekly bear the yoke.

— ANON.



August 26.

“Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.” It was, perhaps, some outward calamity that wrung this prayer from the Psalmist. Be it what it may, loss, sorrow, or even remorse, it brought him redemption from a more grievous ill—the burden of himself. By the very tone of his strain you may know, without seeing him, that his face is turned upward. He has found that there is a higher than he, a too high for him, a rock he cannot climb of himself, yet whither he must be led, if he is ever to have peace again.

— JAMES MARTINEAU.

August 27.

Would it not be wise if we cultivated more the art of kindly and gracious speech? A kindly word laden with sympathy we all instinctively feel may, and oftener than we now know, does, eternally influence a life. It acts like a motor that gives to the life an upward trend, as the unkind word too often gives a downward impulse. — ANON.



August 28.

Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine
 poured forth.
For love's strength standeth in love's
 sacrifice,
And whoso suffers most hath most to
 give. — E. A. KING.

August 29.

God's love runneth faster than our feet,
To meet us stealing back to us and peace,
And kisses dumb our shame, nay, and
puts on

The best robe, bidding angels bring it
forth. — EDWIN ARNOLD.



August 30.

Our times of greatest need are the times of the richest display of God's power. If our faith was only strong enough to grasp His promise and swing ourselves free from all other support, we should find ourselves mounting up on wings like eagles', where we now grope in the darkness. We may account ourselves blessed, when, by special leadings of the divine hand, even though we may be led through darkness and over rough paths, we learn to depend upon God's

promises, and test for ourselves their sweetness and strength. — M. E. P.



August 31.

I shall know by the gleam and the glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on, true heart, forever,
Shine bright, strong, golden chain,
And bless the cleansing fire,
And the furnace of living pain.

— ADELAIDE PROCTER.



September 1.

There are many incomprehensible things in human nature, but one of the strangest is that we are willing to carry our own burdens, when we might lay them down in the Everlasting Arms which

cradled the world. That with tear-blinded eyes, and faltering feet, we try to find our own way through the Valley of Baca, when we have but to stretch out our hand, and we will be guided by the infinitely Mighty and tender hand, which has fashioned the universe, and painted the frailest flower which blooms unseen in the heart of the forest.

— M. E. P.



September 2.

One in great affliction wrote to a friend: "I cannot believe this is to be my lot." That is one cause of the heaviness of our burdens. We are not willing that they should be our burdens. We would willingly bear some other, but just this one, be it illness, or loneliness, or poverty, or misapprehension, or estrangement of loved ones, this particular burden we feel we cannot accept; and yet, dear ones, the way of peace lies in just receiving

the burden as ours and making it a part of our daily care as long as it may remain. — OPEN WINDOW.



September 3.

He who for love has undergone
The worst that can befall,
Is happier thousandfold than one
Who never loved at all.
A grace within his soul has reigned
Which nothing else can bring;
Thank God for all that I have gained
By that high suffering.

— LORD HOUGHTON.



September 4.

Trust in God as Moses did, let the way be ever so dark, and it shall come to pass that your life at last shall surpass even

your longing. Not, it may be, in the line of that longing — that shall be as it pleaseth God — but the glory is as sure as the grace, and the most ancient heavens are not more sure than that.

— ROBERT COLLYER.



September 5.

Suffering consecrates souls to a holy priesthood. They are set apart for a peculiar ministry of comfort to others who mourn. The blessing, the comfort, the exceeding tenderness that they have experienced themselves, is theirs only to hold in trust for others. Having been comforted themselves they are sacredly bound to pass their blessings on to the next weary, heavy-laden soul with whom they come in contact. — M. E. P.

September 6.

Be thou thyself! So strongly, grandly
bear

Thee on what seems thy hard, mistaken
road

That thou shalt breathe heaven's clearest,
upper air,

And so forget thy feet that meet the
clod. — G. GREENE.



September 7.

To be silent, to suffer, to pray when
we cannot act, is acceptable to God. A
disappointment, a contradiction, a harsh
word received and endured as in His
presence, is worth more than a long
prayer. — FÉNELON.



September 8.

If we cannot find God in your house
and mine, upon the roadside or the mar-

gin of the sea, in the bursting seed or opening flower, in the day duty and the night musing, I do not think we should discern Him any more on the grass of Eden or beneath the moonlight of Gethsemane. — JAMES MARTINEAU.



September 9.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound.

So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spots of earth
Some love is found.

— ADELAIDE PROCTER.



September 10.

We never have more than we can bear.
The present hour we are always able to
endure. As is our day, so is our strength.

If the trials of many years were gathered into one, they would overwhelm us; therefore, in pity to our little strength He sends first one and then another, then removes both and lays on a third, heavier, perhaps, than either, but all is so wisely measured to our strength that the bruised reed is never broken. — H. E. MANNING.



September 11.

You find yourself refreshed by the presence of cheerful people. Why not make earnest efforts to confer that pleasure on others? You will find half the battle is gained if you will never allow yourself to say anything gloomy.

— LYDIA M. CHILD.



September 12.

All those who journey soon or late,
Must pass within the garden's gate,

Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who cannot say,
“Not mine, but thine,” who only pray,
“Let this cup pass,” and cannot see
The purpose in Gethsemane.

— ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



September 13.

The very blessedness of being blessed ourselves, is that it increases our capacity of being a blessing to others. There are but few lives into which peculiarly hard experiences have not come, deep blows that have made wounds in our hearts that can never heal entirely. We have not suffered in vain. It has been worth all the heartache, all the loneliness of our darkest hours of grief, to learn the exceeding tenderness of the Comforter, to feel the Everlasting Arms about our weakness. — M. E. P.

September 14.

We are to be but the channels through which God's blessing shall flow past us to some other thirsting soul. To withhold our richness of comfort is more than selfish. It is absolute wrong done not only to God, but to our fellow-men. It is the most sorely wounded spirit who should be able to give out the richest experience. — M. E. P.



September 15.

The All-enfolding, the All-upholding,
Folds and upholds He not
Thee, me, Himself?
Arches there not the sky above us,
Lies not beneath us firm the earth?
And rise not on us, shining
Friendly, the everlasting stars? — GOETHE.

September 16.

"The everlasting arms." I think of that whenever rest is sweet. How the whole earth and the strength of it, that is, almightiness, is beneath every tired creature, to give it rest, holding us always. No thought of God is closer than that. No human tenderness of patience is greater than that which gathers in its arms a little child and holds it, heedless of weariness.

—MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.



September 17.

"As one whom his mother comforteth,
so will I comfort you."

Sing it, mother; — sing it low,
Deem it not an idle lay;
In his heart 'twill ebb and flow
All the livelong day.
Sing it, mother, love is strong;

When the tears of manhood fall,
Echoes of thy cradle song
Shall its peace recall. — ANON.



September 18.

If your burden be illness, what an opportunity is this to beautify by sweetness of temper and courteous acceptance of favors the lot that is given you. You do not like to be under obligation to others, but that may be just your burden. Do not think of those around you so much as of God, to whom your indebtedness can never be discharged. Accept all your trials, no matter how distasteful, as a service to Him; and thus accepting and becoming friends, as it were, with your trials you will by and by be able to

“Drop your burden at His feet
And bear a song away.”

— OPEN WINDOW.

September 19.

God puts consolation only where He
has first put pain. — MADAME SWETCHINE.



September 20.

But all lost things are in the angels'
keeping,

Love;

No past is dead for us, but only sleeping,

Love.

Thy years of heaven will all earth's little
pain

Make good.

Together there we can begin again

In babyhood. — ANON.



September 21.

We often think that the sorrows of
saints are sent for their punishment, when
they are sent for their perfection. Either

way, we are greatly ignorant. They may need far more of purification than we think; they may be suffering for an end higher than purification, for some end which includes purification and unknown mysteries besides. — ANON.



September 22.

If there be any grains of wheat in me, any word, or thought, or power, or action, which may be of use as seed for my nation after me, gather it, O Lord, into Thy garner. — CHARLES KINGSLEY.



September 23.

The worst part of martyrdom is not the last agonizing moment. It is the wearing, daily steadfastness. Men who can make up their minds to hold out against the torture of an hour, have sunk under

the weariness and the harass of small, prolonged vexations. There is many a Christian bereaved and stricken in the best hopes of life. For such a one to say quietly, "Father, not as I will, but as Thou wilt," is to be a martyr.

— F. W. ROBERTSON.



September 24.

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet,
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall and miss
Thee so,

Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet;
And if no precious gems my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber while I go
In search of Thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection; thus, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing. As a child
Whose song-bird seeks the woods forever-
more

Is sung to in its stead, by mother's mouth,
Till sinking on her breast, love reconciled,
He sleeps the faster, that he wept before.

— E. B. BROWNING.



September 25.

Just as a mother would not love a child the better for its being turned into a model of perfection by one stroke of magic, but does love it the more deeply every time it tries to be good, so I do hope and believe our great Father does not wait for us to be good and wise to love us, but loves us, and loves to help us in the very thick of our struggle with sin and folly.

— JULIANA HORATIA EWING.



September 26.

The real victory of faith is to trust God in the dark and through the dark. Let

us be assured of this, that if the lesson and the rod are of His appointing, and His all-wise love has engineered the tunnels of trial on the heavenward road, He will never desert us during the discipline.

— THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.



September 27.

Dear name that binds us to the Infinite,
That grants us heirship to a grander life;
It holds us safe even while we whisper it,
And hushes into peace all sense of strife.
Our Father cares for us, oh, restful
thought,

Oh, breath of balm, with heavenly feeling
fraught. — ANON.



September 28.

Christianity reaches down from heaven
this golden ladder, by which the loftiest
soul and the lowliest intellect can begin

to climb towards God — the ladder of the truth of God's paternity. — CHAPIN.



September 29.

Thou wert always our Father! Each sun
that arose,
Has done nothing through life but fresh
mercies disclose,
But we feel, while the joy of our life is
laid low,
Thou hast ne'er been so tender a Father
AS NOW. — FABER.



September 30.

Our praises are the stairway up which
our spirits mount in their contemplation
of the divine perfection. They are sym-
bols poor and weak, which reveal to us
more clearly, and make us feel more
deeply, the perfect goodness of God.

— C. C. EVERETT.

October 1.

God does not give grace till the hour of trial comes. But when it does come, the amount of grace, and the nature of the special grace required, is vouchsafed. Do not perplex thyself with what is needed for future emergencies; to-morrow will bring its promised grace along with to-morrow's trials.

— J. R. MACDUFF.



October 2.

I can hear these violets chorus
To the sky's benediction above,
And we all are together lying
On the bosom of Infinite Love.
Oh, the peace at the heart of nature,
Oh, the light that is not of day;
Why seek it afar forever,
When it cannot be lifted away?

— W. C. GANNETT.

October 3.

Every one of us casts a shadow. There hangs about us a sort of penumbra, a strange indefinable something — which we can call personal influence, which has its effect on every other life on which it falls. It goes with us wherever we go. It is something that always pours out from our life like light from a lamp, like heat from a flame, like perfume from a flower. — J. R. MILLER, D.D.



October 4.

We often live under a cloud, and it is well for us that we should do so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts; we want shade and rain to cool and refresh them. — HARE.



October 5.

We did amiss, when we did wish it gone
And over; sorrows humanize our race;

Tears are the showers that fertilize this
world,
And memory of things precious keepeth
warm
The heart that once did hold them.

— JEAN INGELow.



October 6.

God washes the eyes by tears, until
they can behold the invisible land where
tears shall come no more. O Love! O
Affliction! ye are the guides that show
us the way through the great airy space
where our loved ones walked. — BEECHER.



October 7.

He that has never known adversity is
but half acquainted with others or with
himself. Constant success shows us but
one side of the world; for as it surrounds
us with friends, who will tell us only of

our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects. — COLTON.



October 8.

It may be hard to gain and still
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart,
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.
Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success.
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

—ADELAIDE PROCTER.



October 9.

The soul that knows nothing of hours
of intense suffering when it is absolutely
forced from all earthly abiding places to
seek refuge in God, and who finds in Him
the deep and abiding peace which He

only can bestow, cannot minister to one who is passing through loneliness and the valley of tears. — M. E. P.



October 10.

The world proposes rest by the removal of a burden. The Redeemer gives rest by giving us the spirit and power to bear the burden. The rest of Christ is not that of torpor, but of harmony. It is not of refusing the struggle, but conquering in it; not resting from duty, but finding rest in duty. — F. W. ROBERTSON.



October 11.

Show me the way up to a higher plane,
Where body shall be servant of the soul;
I do not care what tides of woe or pain
Across my life their angry waves may roll,
If I but reach the end I seek some day.
Show me the way. — ANON.

October 12.

We are building a crystal character with much pain and self-denial, and is it to be built as bubbles are blown? Is the character which we are building with so much pain and suffering and patience, with so much burden of conscience, and with so much aspiration, — is the character which we are forming in the invisible realm of the soul, is that but a bubble?

— BEECHER.



October 13.

Sympathy with others is apt to be limited by our personal experiences. We cannot understand the sufferings, the losses, the trials, the fears, or the joys of another, if we have never experienced the same thing ourselves. We can have pity for one who seems to be in an agony of pain, even though we have never been called upon to endure such pain our-

selves, but only as we have experienced pain can we truly sympathize with one in pain. And so with every phase of human feeling. — M. E. P.



October 14.

Oh, blows that smite, oh, hurts that pierce,
This shrinking heart of mine,
What are ye but the Master's tools,
Forming a work divine? — ANON.



October 15.

In the midst of the darkest hours of anguish, of pain, of bereavement, of limitations, when it seems as if life was too hard to continue, and its problems had no key, when it even becomes a possible thing for human love itself to add to our sorrows, since through love sorrows come, in sympathy, oftentimes; in the very

night of perplexity and sorrow, then God is nearest to us, and the very shadow that hangs over us may be but the shadow of His form as He bends over us, as a mother's shadow falls across her child as she stoops to caress it. — M. E. P.



October 16.

Upon the pillow of Thy love
My weary head I lay,
Assured that watches from above
Will round about me stay.

The weanèd child subdued and still,
Sleeps on its mother's breast;
So I, submissive to Thy will,
Lean on Thy strength for rest.

— T. MACKELLAR.



October 17.

Faith in human love and tenderness
may take its flight, but if a soul has

once put its trust in its Saviour it will only cling closer through the waves that threaten to engulf it, and the revelation of the divine tenderness, the realization that tenderness is extended to oneself, and that it is just as real a thing as the clasp of a mother's arms about her child, gives one a belief in the love of God that is far more precious than any earthly possession. — M. E. P.



October 18.

And what of the hours when, hand and
foot,
We are bound and laid aside,
With the fevered brain, and the throbbing
pain,
And the world at its low ebb tide.
Then, waiting and watching, and almost
spent,
Comes peace from the Lord's own hand,
In His blessed will if we rest content —

Though we cannot understand —
And we gather anew our courage and
 hope,
For the road so rough to climb;
With peril and trial we well may cope
One single step at a time.

— MARGARET SANGSTER.



October 19.

It may have been in the heat of a great blast of affliction's furnace, that the truth of God's love became welded into your nature, and you let it become a part of yourself, but you will not find a Christian anywhere, who through sorrow has learned this great truth of God's never-failing care, who would be willing to lose either the experience of sorrow or the comfort of his gain in that experience. The one royally offsets the other. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." — M. E. P.

October 20.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no deeps can drown.
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He,
And faith hath yet its Olivet
And love its Galilee.
The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain,
We touch Him in the throng and press,
And we are whole again.

— J. G. WHITTIER.



October 21.

Let us wipe our eyes, lift up our heads,
and gird ourselves for brave and cheerful
toil. In due time the release will come;
rest so sweet after toil is over; glory so
bright after the darkness is past; victory
so grand that we shall not wish the con-

flicts to have been less fierce or the perils
of the way less numerous and painful.

— ANON.



October 22.

Why rushed the discords in but that har-
mony should be prized?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow
to clear;

Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of
weal and woe;

But God has a few of us whom He whis-
pers in the ear;

The rest may reason, and welcome; 'tis
we musicians know.

— ROBERT BROWNING.



October 23.

All fear and love, hope and awe, sense
of sin and of helplessness, and longing to
be other than we are — all should have one

issue, — to draw us more closely, yet more reverently, to Him in whom alone awe and fear can be hushed, helplessness be stayed, sin be blotted out, infirmities be healed — He, the one source and aim of all holiness and hope and love.

— E. B. PUSEY.



October 24.

Remember that if the cloud is over you, there is a bright light always on the other side; also that the time is coming, either in this world or the next, when that cloud will be swept away, and the fulness of God's light and wisdom poured around you. God is pledged to keep you as safe as if you could understand everything. — HORACE BUSHNELL.



October 25.

I bring it all to Jesus,
My life, my hope, my care,

Whatever seems most precious,
 I bring and leave it there.
 My life that He may mould it,
 My hopes to be fulfilled,
 Just as He deems the wisest,
 Though not as I had willed.

— G. DUBOIS.



October 26.

Look on the bright side of all things.
 Believe that the best offering that you
 can make God is to enjoy to the full what
 He sends of good, and bear what He
 allows of evil, like a child who believes
 in all his father's dealings with it, whether
 he understands them or not. — ANON.



October 27.

The gifts of birth, death, genius, suffering,
 Are all for His hand only to bestow;
 Receive thy portion and be satisfied;

Who crowns himself a king is not the
more

Royal, nor he who mars himself with
stripes

The more partaker of the cross of Christ.

— E. H. KING.



October 28.

Even as a nurse, whose child's imperfect
pace

Can hardly lead his foot from place to
place,

Leaves her fond kissing, sets him down
to go,

Nor does uphold him for a step or two;

But when she finds that he begins to fall

She hold him up and kisses him withal —

So God from man sometimes withdraws

His hand

Awhile, to teach his infant faith to stand;

But when He sees his feeble strength begin

To fail, He gently takes him up again.

— QUARLES.

October 29.

Prayer is a key which, being turned, unlocks all God's treasures.

— HANNAH MORE.



October 30.

Christ walks with us along every step of our pathway, and is tenderly touched with a feeling for our infirmities. There is no sorrow too great for Him to share, no vexation nor petty trial too small for us to take to Him, and the spirit of sympathy breathes throughout all His life here upon earth. It is His comprehension of all the needs of human nature that make His every word so full of help.

— M. E. P.



October 31.

How shall we rest in God? By giving ourselves wholly to Him. If you give

yourselves by halves, you cannot find full rest. There will ever be a lurking disquiet in that half which is withheld.

— JEAN NICHOLAS GROU.



November 1.

Do not look forward to what may happen to-morrow. The same Everlasting Father who cares for you to-day will care for you to-morrow and every day. Either He will shield you from suffering, or He will give you unfailing strength to bear it. — FRANCIS DE SALES.



November 2.

What does your anxiety do? It does not empty to-morrow, brother, of its sorrows, but ah, it empties to-day of its strength. It does not make you escape the evil; it makes you unfit to cope with

it when it comes. It does not bless to-morrow and it robs to-day. Sufficient for each day is the evil which properly belongs to it. — MACLAREN.



November 3.

No shattered box of ointment
We ever can regret,
For out of disappointment
Flow sweetest odors yet.
The discord that involveth
Some startling change of key,
The Master's hand resolveth
In richest harmony.

— F. R. HAVERGAL.



November 4.

Some day He will tell you why He has tried you, and let you look back upon your life story and see the golden thread

of His Fatherly love and care shining over and around it all. — F. R. HAVERGAL.



November 5.

It may be He is keeping,
For the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips will only murmur
The thanks they cannot speak. — ANON.



November 6.

We must be childlike enough to trust our Father as well with His refusals as with His gifts, His silence as with His speech. What need to scrutinize or understand His ways? It suffices that they are His, and we are sure that all is well. That love is there, and the fruits of love not far away. — E. F. RUSSELL.

November 7.

Be not anxious about little things, if thou wouldst learn to trust God with thine all. Act upon faith in little things; commit thy daily cares and anxieties to Him, and He will strengthen thy faith for greater trials that may come. — DR. PUSEY.



November 8.

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would not its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose,
Who giveth His beloved sleep.

— E. B. BROWNING.



November 9.

Look up to Him, the Good Shepherd,
who laid down His life for the sheep,

and pray Him with His pierced hands
to loose the thorns which hold thee, and
to lay thee upon His shoulders; yea, He
will carry thee in His bosom.

— E. B. PUSEY.



November 10.

Let not my faith be weak,
Nor deem the thought too high,
That God's great love my love should
seek,

From all eternity.

Let me not think it strange,
Nor far by powers above,
That He whom height nor depth can
change

Is changeless in His love. — J. H. SEELYE.



November 11.

We may not always feel like thanking
God for all things; but let us always will

and dare to do it. Let us not look at the providence, but at the Father behind it. Let us not examine the crate, but let us search within for the gift of love.

— F. B. MEYER.



November 12.

The very peace that fills the Father's own glorious nature — the peace which in the experience of human hearts is so closely allied with love and faith, the peace of the Lord Jesus Christ — will settle down on the troubled, restless heart, as the evening, with its cool air and majestic beauty, settles on the fevered landscape. — ANON.



November 13.

Rest comes when day is done,
When the shadows lengthen
Over all the peaceful land;

Then rest comes to strengthen
Weary heart and soul to-night,
When the daytime hours take flight.
Rest comes when day is done,
Then courage, weary-hearted,
The night's long rest,
The twilight hour has parted.
Soon will come God's rest, most sweet
For tired heart and weary feet.

— E. THOMAS.



November 14.

As the hungry sea frets down the line
of cliff to find an aperture through which
to pour itself, and seethes and sobs until
it finds room, so does the love of God
wait impatiently outside our hearts till we
open to it in confession and repentance.

— F. B. MEYER.



November 15.

There are hands too often weary
With the business of the day,

With God's entrusted duties
Who are toiling while they pray.
They bear the golden vials
And the golden harps of praise,
Through all the daily trials,
Through all the dusty ways.
These hands so tired, faithful,
With odors sweet are filled,
And in the ministry of prayer
Are wonderfully skilled. — ANON.



November 16.

Every human life that fails to hear its message, and learn its lesson, or that fails to interpret its own secret, keeping it locked in the silence of the breast, in some measure impoverishes the earth, and withholds that which would have enriched earth's life. But every life, even the lowliest, that learns its word from God, and then interprets it to

others, adds something at least to the world's sum of blessing and good.

— J. R. MILLER, D.D.



November 17.

We are better for the longing,
Stronger for the pain.
Souls at ease are nature wronging;
Through the harrowed souls come throng-
ing
Seeds, in sun and rain. — ANON.



November 18.

Whoever fails to pray for one he loves,
fails in the most sacred duty of love,
because he withholds love's best help.
It is pleasant to think that this best of
all service for others we can render even
when we are unable to do any work on
their behalf. A "shut-in" who can run

no errands and lift no burdens, and speak no words of cheer to busy toilers and sore strugglers in the great world, can yet pray for them, and God will send them truest help. — J. R. MILLER, D.D.



November 19.

Yes, pray for whom thou lovest;
If uncouthed wealth were thine,
The treasures of the boundless deep,
The riches of the mine,
Thou couldst not to thy cherished friends
A gift so dear impart,
As the earnest benediction
Of a deeply prayerful heart. — ANON.



November 20.

When the babe puts his little soft hand
into yours, his hand is as strong as yours,
since yours guides it; so when we put

our hand into God's, we are, by His grace, as strong as He is, since He leads, and we only follow. — BEECHER.



November 21.

God keeps us through the common days;
The level stretches white with dust,
When thought is tired and hands upraise
Their burdens feebly, since they must.
In days of slowly fretting care,
Then most we need the strength of prayer.

— MARGARET SANGSTER.



November 22.

The crown of patience cannot be received where there has been no suffering. If thou refuseth to suffer, thou refuseth to be crowned, but if thou wishest to be crowned, thou must fight manfully and suffer patiently. Without labor, none

can obtain rest, and without contending here, there can be no conquest.

—THOMAS À KEMPIS.



November 23.

Hast thou o'er the clear heaven of thy
soul

Seen tempests roll?

Hast thou watched all the hopes thou
wouldst have won

Fade one by one?

Wait till the clouds are past, then raise
thine eyes

To bluer skies. —ADELAIDE PROCTER.



November 24.

Many of us cannot be used to become food for the world's hunger until we are broken in Christ's hands. "Bread corn is bruised." Christ's blessing oft-times

means sorrow, but even sorrow is not too great a price to pay for the privilege of touching other lives with benediction. The sweetest things in this world to-day have come to us through tears and pain.

— J. R. MILLER, D.D.



November 25.

Some sweet or tender thing may grow
To stronger life, because of thee.
Content to play an humble part,
Give of the ashes of thy heart,
And haply God, whose dear decrees
Taketh from those to give to these,
Who draws the snowdrop from the snows,
May from these ashes feed a rose.

— ANON.



November 26.

He bids the stormy winds to blow,
That we His greater power may know.

Blest will of Christ! He sends us hence,
Then follows with omnipotence.

O changeless love! its own reward
It brings in the sweet "afterward";
Calm after storm; beyond the tide —
The haven of "the other side."

— HENRY M. BURTON.



November 27.

"Look thou beyond the evening sky," she
said,

"Beyond the changing splendors of the
day;

Accept the weariness, the pain, the dread,
Accept, and bid me stay."

I turned and clasped her close with sud-
den strength,

And slowly, sweetly, I became aware,
Within my arms God's angel stood at
length

White robed, and calm, and fair. — ANON.

November 28.

Winter is linked fast to the spring,
Nor storm, nor calm, nor frost, nor snow,
Can long delay the angel's wing
That bears God's blessings to and fro.
How surely, swiftly, thou shalt know.

Do thou but wait God's little while,
And these clouds shall clear away,
The child shall see the Father's smile,
That was but hidden for a day,
And praise where now he can but pray.

— MARIANNE FARMINGHAM.



November 29.

Treat cares as you treat sins. Hand them over to Jesus one by one as they occur. Commit them to Him. Roll them upon Him. Make them His. By an act of faith look to Him, saying, "This, Lord, and this and this, I cannot bear. Thou hast taken my sins. Take

my cares. I lay them upon Thee, and trust Thee to do for me all, and more than all, I need. I will trust and be not afraid." — F. B. MEYER.



November 30.

Life, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is not the best Christian nor the best general who makes the fewest false steps. He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes. Forget mistakes; organize victory out of mistakes. — F. W. ROBERTSON.



December 1.

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought — proof against all

adversity. Restful thoughts which care cannot disturb nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us — houses built without hands for our souls to live in. — *RUSKIN.*



December 2.

Over it all — the day and the night,
The hours of dark, the seasons of light,
Mistakes, and blunders, and faults, and all
The pitiful cries from those that fall,
His kindness waits to help and bless
With a father's touch of tenderness.

— *ANON.*



December 3.

Every day let us renew the consecration to God's service; every day let us, in His strength, pledge ourselves afresh to do His will, even in the veriest trifle, and to turn aside from anything that may displease Him. — *ANON.*

December 4.

Be not troubled; for if troubles abound, and there be tossings and storms and tempests, and no peace, nor anything visible left to support, yet lie still and sink beneath till a secret hope stir, which shall stay the heart in the midst of all these; until the Lord administer comfort. — I. PENNINGTON.

**December 5.**

Be not afraid of those trials which God may see fit to send upon thee. It is with the wind and storm of tribulation that God separates the true wheat from the chaff. — M. MOLINOS.

**December 6.**

Over it all — the care and the fret,
The mixture of joy and sad regret,

The anxious thought and the burdened
heart,

The bitter loss, and the cruel smart,

Over it all — this puzzling dream,

His glad love shines with holy beam.

— ANNA SIMMONS.



December 7.

God hath provided a sweet and quiet life for His children, could they improve and use it; a calm and firm conviction in all the storms and troubles that are about them, however things go, to find content and be careful for nothing.

— R. LEIGHTON.



December 8.

God forgive them that raise an ill report upon the sweet cross of Christ; it is but our weak and dim eyes that look only to the black side, that makes us mistake;

those that can take that crabbed tree
handsomely upon their backs, and fasten
it on cannily, shall find it such a burden
as wings unto a bird, or sails to a ship.

— S. RUTHERFORD.



December 9.

The day is long, and the day is hard;
We are tired of the march and of keep-
ing guard,
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to live through and work to be
done,
Tired of ourselves and of being alone.

The work which we count so hard to do,
He makes it easy, for He works too.
The days that are long to live are His,
A bit of His bright eternities,
And close to our need, His helping is.

— SUSAN COOLIDGE.

December 10.

Do not be satisfied with rolling yourself on God. Roll your burden also. He who can carry the one can carry the other also. He takes up the isles as a very little thing — how easily then, your heaviest load. There is nothing so trivial but that you may make it a matter of prayer and faith. — F. B. MEYER.



December 11.

He who hath led, will lead
All through the wilderness;
He who hath fed, will feed;
He who hath blessed, will bless.
He who hath heard thy cry,
Will never close His ear.
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh,
Will not forget thy tear.
He loveth always, faileth never.
So rest on Him to-day, forever.

— F. R. HAVERGAL.

December 12.

The vexation, restlessness, and impatiences which small trials cause, arise wholly from our ignorance and want of self-control. We may be thwarted and troubled, it is true, but these things put us into a condition for exercising patience and meek submission, and the self-abnegation, wherein alone the fulness of God is to be found. — DE RENTY.



December 13.

Would I know all the way marked out for
me,
As it winds away to the great gray sea?
No, oh, no. It is better far to be
So kept.

Just to know each day I am being led,
Only trusting the way that lies ahead,
Quite content with knowing each step I
tread
Is kept. — ANON.

December 14.

If you have any trial that seems intolerable, pray. One disabled from duty by sickness may pray for health, that he may do his work. Or one hemmed in by internal impediments may pray for utterance; but the answer to the prayer may be, as it was with Paul, not the removal of the thorn, but, instead, a growing insight into its meaning and value.

— J. F. CLARKE.



December 15.

O Lord, who art as the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land, who beholdest Thy weak creatures weary of labor, weary of pleasure, weary of hope deferred, weary of self; in Thine abundant compassion and unutterable tenderness, bring us, I pray Thee, unto Thy rest. Amen.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

December 16.

Long and dark the nights, dim and short
the days,
Mounting weary heights on our weary
ways,
Thee, our God, we praise.
Scaling heavenly heights by unearthly
ways,
Thee, our God, we praise; all our nights
and days,
Thee, our God, we praise. — ANON.



December 17.

Nothing makes a prison to a human life but a defeated, broken spirit. The bird in its cage that sings all the while is not a captive. God puts His children in no conditions in which He does not mean them to live sweetly and victoriously. So in any circumstances we "may be more than conquerors through Him that loved us." — J. R. MILLER, D.D.

December 18.

I know not what awaits me,
God kindly veils my eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way,
He makes new scenes to rise.

Where He may lead I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose,
And every hour, in perfect peace,
I'll sing, "He knows. He knows."
— ANON.



December 19.

We may be victorious in sorrow. We sin when we lie crushed, refusing to be comforted in our grief. Sorrow hurts us if we meet it with resistance and rebellion. The secret of blessing in trial lies in acquiescence. This takes out of it its bitterness and its poison, and makes it a blessing to us. — J. R. MILLER, D.D.

December 20.

God so loveth us that He would make all things channels to us, and messengers of His love. Still thyself, thy own cares, thy own thoughts for Him, and He will speak to thy heart. — E. B. PUSEY.



December 21.

O sweetest Jesus, hear, though I am poor
indeed,
I know I can provide a spot to meet Thy
lowly need.
Such love as Thine must crave, above all
other things,
The love of those on whom 'tis spent,
and all that loving brings.
Come, sweetest Jesus, then, in this poor
heart abide,
And I shall love Thee more and more till
Love is satisfied. — H. KIMBALL.

December 22.

Teach these short-sighted minds to see
and greet

The morning twilight for the full blown
day.

Drown hungry cries for fruit with blossoms,
lay

Cool hands on us in benediction sweet ;
And carve in deep white letters on our lot
The long, hard, tender truth, — God
hasteth not. — A. E. WETHERALD.



December 23.

Only we pray that in the desert place,
Where'er it be, Thou wilt with us abide,
And let us for refreshing see Thy face,
And find repose and gladness at Thy side.
And when we are less weary let us be
Thy servants still, working beneath Thy
smile ;

For, gracious Master, we for love of Thee
Are glad our rest is only for a while.

— ANON.

December 24.

But life is not all dull and gray,
For after midnight comes the ray
Of early morning ;
And after darkest nights of pain
Our eyes behold the day again
As rainbows follow after rain,
The sky adorning
With hues which chase away the gray
Of early morning.—ANON.

**December 25.**

Christmas gifts for thee,
Grand and free.
Christmas gifts from the King of Love;
Brought from His royal home above,
Brought to thee in the far-off land,
Brought to thee by His own dear hand;
Promises held by Christ for thee,
Peace as a river flowing free,
Joy that in His own joy must live,

And love that Infinite Love can give;
Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts
Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts.

— F. R. HAVERGAL.



December 26.

Let us not judge God by an incomplete or unfinished scheme. Let us have patience till the end shall justify the path by which we came. In the breaking dawn of eternity, we shall discover that God could not have brought us by another route which would have been as expeditious or as safe as the one by which we have come. — F. B. MEYER.



December 27.

Our Jesus comes, sweet peace and joy to
bring
To those who watch for Him with wistful
gaze;

And He shall teach thy lips a psalm to
sing,

A gladsome strain of earnest, heartfelt
praise.

And to the feeble-hearted He doth say,
Be strong and fear not. I am come to
save.

Thy night of waiting I will turn to day,
My hands are filled with gifts that thou
dost crave. — ANON.



December 28.

When thou art either to do or to suffer anything, when thou art about any purpose of business, go tell God of it, and acquaint Him with it, yea, burden Him with it, and thou hast done in the matter of caring. No more care, but sweet, quiet diligence in thy duty, and dependence on Him for the carriage of thy matters. — LEIGHTON.

December 29.

Gladness is not the mark of empty hearts,
Nor grief of full ones; neither is there
strife

'Twixt joy and sorrow; each to each
imparts

New meaning, children of one mother —
life.

O troubled soul, unconscious of thy
strength,

Behold, at length

From out the very depths of shadow
shines

This truth divine,

That of one spirit is our loss and gain,

Our deepest comfort and our deepest
gain. — AVERIC STANDISH.



December 30.

Can we find any room for regret in the
year which has gone away from us into

the vast accumulations of the past, if it has been filled with new and bitter experiences? Who can say that the ministry of suffering was not infinitely greater than the ministry of joy? The blight as well as the blossom works God's will, and all that is His plan is best for us, even if we could not realize it at the time. Looking backward over the year, we commit it to Him, with its sins, its failures, its joys, its sorrows, to be taken into His tender keeping, garnered into the harvest of the years that are past. — M. E. P.



December 31.

Friend, come thou like a friend;
And whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
We'll fold our patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end,

Knowing thou ledest onward to those
spheres
Where there are neither days nor months
nor years. — D. M. CRAIK.

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